

A SENATE VICTORY.

Conferees Are About to Accept the Senate Tariff Bill.

MR. CLEVELAND WILL SIGN IT, TOO

Jones Bluffed and the House Members Did Not Call Him.

SUGAR GETS ALL IT COULD ASK

There is a Report That the Louisiana Senators Will Not Accept It, but They Could Not Be Shaken Loose.

Washington, August 3.—(Special.)—The tariff bill, as it passed the senate, was reported to the house today. Chairman Jones at once moved to non-concur, which was agreed to. Speaker Crisp appointed the members named in these dispatches to the conferees. Mr. Jones said that they would meet with the senate conferees tomorrow morning and organize the conference.

There was a rumor circulated, from what point no one seemed to know, that the appropriation to the Atlanta exposition would be reduced as one of the compromise features of the conference. I tried to trace the report to some reliable foundation, but it seemed to be groundless. I finally saw Chairman Jones.

"I do not think there is any foundation for the rumor at all," said he. "Of course there will be some differences in the conference and many compromises, but I hardly think your people have any grounds for fear."

This seemed safe enough, but within four days, so Mr. Jones thinks, the bill will have run its course, and until that time the fight cannot be said to be completely crowded with victory.

The conferees have been finally agreed to. Up to yesterday there was still contention and bickering, and no agreement seemed possible. Senator Jones moved to disagree and to report such disagreement to the senate and house. The house showed the weakness of its position by urging Senator Jones to withdraw his motion. The senate has since dictated its own terms. The new bill will undoubtedly be a compromise between the senate and the Wilson bill, but it will resemble the senate measure far more than that which came from the house. It is not likely that any report will be made before Tuesday or Wednesday.

It is given out tonight that the compromise on sugar is more advantageous to the trust than the sugar schedule. It gives 40 per cent on raw sugar under 10 and 40 per cent on raw sugar used in refined sugar, with an additional one-fifth to the refined sugar, but no specific report as to schedule. The compromise is regarded as authentic. The only thing which seems reasonably certain is that an agreement is about to be reached. So much a conferee told me this morning.

HE WILL SIGN.

Mr. Cleveland Expects to Put His Name to the Bill.

Washington, August 3.—After the cabinet meeting today four members announced to a different person, that an agreement had been reached by the senate and house on the tariff bill. The basis of agreement was not disclosed, but one of the most distinguished members of the cabinet said to a United States representative:

"You can announce that the president will sign a tariff bill within ten days."

The explanation of this, which is current at the capital, is that a sugar schedule has been agreed upon, and has been accepted by the house conferees, as follows: Forty per cent ad valorem on all raw sugar, and the same amount on all refined sugar, the duty to be collected, however, on the basis of the saccharine strength. In addition to this, there is to be a differential of one-fifth of a cent a pound, and a discrimination duty against those countries that pay an export bounty on refined sugar equivalent to the bounty so paid. It is understood that the government will also regulate in some way the prices of foreign sugars so as to prevent any attempt to juggle with the quotations.

No Doubt About It.

Every member of the conference denies that there has been any agreement, but sufficient has leaked from the conference room and through other sources to make it sure that they have agreed as to what they will do when the time comes to act. The house conferees have always held that the senate bill is a protection to the trust, and that the tariff bill is a protection to the people. They have contended that it should be removed. Upon the basis the made the demand that the text of the bill should be changed and a spirit of concession to the senate, to that extent, yielded. As now prepared, the sugar schedule will provide for the levying of the following duties: On all raw and refined sugar, 40 per cent ad valorem, the same rate as heretofore; but with this difference, that duty will be based, not on the price per pound, nor the mere pound of the article purchased, but upon the saccharine strength of the sugar found in the total amount. If the sugar is raw, the duty will be collected upon the pure sugar that it contains, and when it comes to the collection of the duty on refined sugar, instead of the collection being made upon the value of the refined article, it will be based upon the value and amount of pure sugar necessary to make the refined product.

Sugar Men Are Villains.

In this way, it is claimed, there will be absolutely no hidden protection for the trust, and that nothing can accrue to them through the process of refining. The refined sugar will be given a differential duty of one-fifth of a cent a pound on refined sugar, and a discrimination duty levied against such countries as pay an export bounty on refined sugar, equivalent to the amount of that bounty. It is figured out that those who now advocate this duty that it is far better for the trust than the former schedule, although this is denied in other quarters. It is also said that the

TO THE GUILLOTINE.

Santo's Jurors Were Out Only Thirteen Minutes on His Case.

SPEEDY EXECUTION IS DEMANDED

At the Announcement of the Verdict His Cheeks Blanch.

HIS CRY FOR ANARCHY IS FAINT

Carnot's Assassination Is to Be Avenged, but Only One Anarchist Is to Suffer When Several Are Implicated.

Lyons, August 3.—The second day of the trial of the anarchist assassin, Santo Cesario, opened with the testimony of the soldier, Leblanc, who, while under arrest for desertion, was confined in the hospital at Certe at the same time that Cesario was a patient in that institution. Leblanc related the purport of his chats with Cesario while in the hospital, and persisted in his previous statement that Cesario had declared that he was not a king, and also in his statement that Cesario had said that the lot had been drawn and that he had in this way been assigned to go to Lyons and kill M. Carnot.

Cesario declared that he had said these things to Leblanc, though he admitted that he had preached anarchistic doctrines to him. Concerning the drawing of lots, Cesario said that anarchists retained absolute individual liberty of action, and would not execute deeds merely because they happened to have been selected by hazard, or for any other particular reason than that of their own will.

At 9:30 o'clock the arguments began. The prisoner's counsel in the course of his argument said that Cesario had fled from Italy to France because he had been condemned in Italy. He came to France without money and without a passport. Under the circumstances his friends were necessarily among the anarchists, who retaliated to him the incursions to crime which he declared inculcated in him. Cesario, he declared, was a mere instrument.

"No!" answered him.

"These men who are clamoring to have this convention changed, simply want the conservatives to have the opportunity to knife the men you want elected. They want to trade me off in the electoral race. Office seeking is the motive of it. Their purpose in having this committee called together at this time is to confuse your minds so you won't know what to do. If any member from your county goes to Columbia and betrays the people by voting to drop the reform convention, mark him as a Judas and never to be trusted again."

GREENVILLE'S MAYOR ARRESTED.

He Sends the Police After the Dispenser Every Day.

Greenville, S. C., August 3.—(Special.)—Confusion is getting daily confounded here in the dispensary war. Yesterday Mayor Williams arrested John S. Hill, the dispensary president, and charged him with violating the sale of liquor. The dispensary authorities came back with a counter arrest today. By telegraphic order of Attorney General McKim, Mayor Williams swore out a warrant against Mayor Williams and Chief of Police Kennedy, charging them with interfering with and violating a state law, passed by the supreme court, which forbids the sale of liquor.

A Verdict of Guilty.

The jury retired at 12:05 o'clock and was out just thirteen minutes. They returned to court and presented an affirmative answer to both questions.

Cesario, who had in the meantime been removed from the courtroom, was brought back and the jury's declaration was read to him by the registrar.

At the announcement of the verdict the supercilious grin which Cesario has worn most of the time during the trial disappeared like magic and his face blanched.

Attorney General Folcher demanded the immediate imposition of the death penalty.

To Die by the Guillotine.

There was a silence for a moment and then the judge in solemn tone, but with a touch of harshness, pronounced the sentence that the prisoner be put to death by the guillotine.

As the sound of the judge's voice ceased Cesario pulled himself together for a moment he was almost limp—and in a feeble voice exclaimed:

"Two gendarmes seized the condemned assassin and as they hurried him out of the room on the way to his cell he did not forget to shout, in a voice somewhat stronger than his last utterance, the meaningless words employed by all anarchists convicted of crime:

"Courage, comrades, vive l'anarchie!"

The written statement prepared by Cesario and read to the court by the interpreter, is a maudlin and disjointed production, containing the customary anarchistic affirmations that children and women work fifteen hours a day for a mere pittance, living upon black bread, while the fortunes of the favored few are squandered in luxuries and other idle platitudes.

Cesario's Statement.

"When a child," the prisoner says in his statement, "I believed in God. When I became older I saw that it was not God that created man, but that it was man who created God. Though I have been but a short time here, I have seen much injustice. The strikers in the north, after three months' privation, were forced to resume work at the same old starvation wages. After this act, the authorities, not satisfied with punishing these poor wretches, persecuted them and domiciliary visits were made to all persons of our sect. Just as long as these measures are employed so long will we reply with the dagger and with dynamite. The last words of the Chicago martyrs were: 'Long live anarchy! Death to society!' These words crossed the ocean and the mountains will resound with them everywhere until the sect's ideal prevails. When no longer starving working men are driven to suicide, and when no longer the sect is persecuted, but the rulers and legislators are extirpated, then will come the day of the exploitation of the workingmen and happiness will reign supreme."

SACRIFICED THEIR ALLIES.

Populists Traded Off Their Republican Friends for Local Offices.

Memphis, Tenn., August 3.—Official returns of the election for this county show the straight democratic ticket to have gone through complete by majorities from 817 to 4,725. The average falls about 1,300 short of the majorities secured by the democrats in the presidential election of 1892. In the other counties of west Tennessee, nearly all of which have been heard from, the democrats have held their own barely. In some counties the fusionists have elected their county clerk, while the democratic nominees for the supreme bench

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The emperor has been influenced in his action by members of his family hostile to the viceroy's pro-European policy.

It is expected that Sir Robert Hart, the British representative, will assert his authority and surmount the opposition to the emperor's edict.

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The alleged unwarranted interference of the federal authorities is enlarged upon. The statement is made that the strike would have been successful, but for the action of the federal authorities, instigated by the railroad corporations.

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BESTES FOR MAYOR.

Augusta Politicians Think That He Is
the Man for the Place.

THE INDEPENDENT MOVE IS UNWISE

Tom Watson Is Looked Upon as the
Coming Candidate of the Popu-
lists in the Tenn.

Augusta, Ga., August 3.—(Special.)—There is some talk among the friends of Mr. Charles E. Bates about entering him for the mayoralty. They believe that if he is put in the race, many of the probable candidates will rally to his support and thereby prevent what is otherwise destined to be a very warm contest. Mr. Bates is a well-known man in Augusta and is well liked by the citizens of Augusta. He is a very successful business man and has a great attraction among the business men.

After the first interest in and temporary excitement over the announcement of independent candidates for the legislature have subsided, it now becomes apparent to all thinking men that at this time particularly any encouragement of this movement would not only be unwise and undemocratic, but would also be a direct insult to the regular party cannot be contradicted.

It is cropping out that it is the desire of the warmest friends of Mr. Bates to take steps to induce him to withdraw the use of his name from the ticket that has been put out. Mr. Bates is the strongest name on the independent ticket. He is very popular in Augusta, and he has strong friends who hesitate to decline to support him, but who cannot reconcile themselves to the claim that he is not in opposition to the regular democratic ticket. Thomas E. Watson is to make another effort to represent the tenth district in congress. On August 21st the congressional convention of the people's party of this district is to be held at Thomaston. There is no doubt about Mr. Watson being nominated.

Mr. Mallard, of the firm of Melville & Co., owners of the Tampa, Fla., fisheries, is in the city for the purpose of establishing a wholesale distributing fish house. He has rented one of the stores belonging to the Southern Express Company on Lower Broadway, and will open up some time this month. He was attracted to Augusta by the advertising of the Young Men's Business League.

George Singfield, deacon of the Baptist church, was excommunicated at the conference meeting tonight. He is a negro who went to Allen, N. Y., two weeks ago to buy counterfeit money, and was robbed of \$50 by the green goods men.

CLOSE IN HENRY COUNTY.

Bartlett Has Probably Carried It,
However, by a Small Majority.

McDonough, Ga., August 3.—(Special.)—In the democratic primary here today for congressman the vote was close. Judge Bartlett is 28 votes in the lead, with three precincts to hear from. It is likely that he will carry these precincts by good majorities. The race for the United States senators will be close between Bacon and Garrard. All the old county officers will be re-elected, with the exception of the clerk, which is in doubt.

It is Judge Bartlett has carried this county he has enough votes in the convention to nominate him. There is not much doubt but that Henry county has given him a majority and settled the congressional race in the sixth. Hon. Thomas Cabaniss now represents the district in congress.

A YOUNG GIRL'S SUICIDE.

She Threw Herself Under a Georgia
Pacific Train in Alabama.

Oxford, Ala., August 2.—(Special.)—As the westbound Georgia Pacific was nearing Bynums, a little station nine miles west of here, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Lee W. W. and Mrs. Bynums, who had been riding in the train, was killed. She was thrown nearly a hundred feet, but the body was not very badly cut up. She had made an attempt to kill herself by jumping from the train in the same manner but was prevented.

PEYTON BOWMAN ARRESTED.

It Is Charged That He Threatened Mr.
O'Keefe, Editor.

Birmingham, Ala., August 3.—(Special.)—A sensation was raised in political circles here today by the arrest of P. L. Bowman, Kob's right-hand man. The warrant was sworn out by Andrew Jackson O'Keefe, editor of The Independent, a labor paper. The warrant charges that Bowman threatened to do violence to the person of O'Keefe if he continued publishing denunciations of the Kob leaders.

PUT A LOAD IN HIS FATHER.

The Old Man Was in His Son's Corn
Field.

Columbia, S. C., August 2.—(Special.)—Sam Ocala, a young farmer of Orangeburg county, shot and seriously wounded his father, Major Watson Ocala, last night. Ocala had discovered that his father was robbing his corn field and immediately fired upon him with his shotgun. The man turned out to be his father. The father is now in the hospital.

Catholic Total Abstinence Union.

St. Paul, Minn., August 2.—The Catholic Total Abstinence Union today elected the following officers: Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Minneapolis, president; vice, Bishop J. B. Cullen, of Wisconsin; secretary, Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Minneapolis; treasurer, Rev. J. M. Cleary, of Minneapolis.

Miss Belle Glover, of Marietta, and Miss Annie Gibson, of Dallas, Tex., two beautiful young ladies, are visiting in the city, guests of the city.

Miss George V. Green at his home, No. 301 Peachtree street.

Miss Addie Johnson, one of the most charming and entertaining young ladies of Georgia, Ala., is in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. L. Powers, on Howard street.

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Ministers at Jasper.

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HOW THE HORSES RAN.

Dry and Dusty at Brighton Beach—A
Heavy Track at Saratoga.

Brighton Beach, August 3.—The heat and humidity today caused much discomfort here, and the track was dry and dusty. The day was a good one for the talent, the first, second and third horses in the first race being backed by them to finish in that order. In the second race, too, the first horse was a good one for the talent, but favorites again won in the fifth and sixth races.

First race, selling, seven furlongs, Shadow, 104, Canyon, 112 to 5, won. Saunterer second, Runyon third. Time, 1:39 1/2.
Second race, for three-year olds, selling, six furlongs, Solitaire, 105, Hamilton, 4 to 5, won. Supreme second, Walter Ricks third. Time, 1:34.
Third race, two-year olds, selling, five furlongs, Hanwell, 106, Reiff 9 to 5, won. Jessie Talar second, Ella Reed third. Time, 1:28.
Fourth race, one mile, Our Maggie, 101, Reiff 4 to 1, won. Little Matt second, Tom Thorough third. Time, 1:50.
Fifth race, three-year olds, selling, six furlongs, Drum Major, 98, Reiff 4 to 5, won. McIntyre second, Buisins third. Time, 1:34.
Sixth race, selling one and one-sixteenth miles, Jack Roper, 109, Ballard, 2 to 5, won. Trouble second, Wist third. Time, 1:59 1/2.

At Saratoga.

Saratoga, N. Y., August 3.—Cloudy weather, a heavy track and a light attendance marked the races here today. On account of the condition of the track the match race which had been arranged between Rossmore and Redwax, was postponed to a later day and the first choice won. First race, selling, six furlongs, Scylla, 100, Exports, 8 to 1, won. Innocent second, West Park third. Time, 1:39.
Second race, maiden two-year olds, four and a half furlongs, Favorsa colt, Ross, Doggett 4 to 1, won. Phibes second, Rossmore third. Time, 1:29.
Third race, handicap, one mile and a sixteenth, Liseig, 81, A. Clayton, 3 to 1, won. Thum second, Saratoga third. Time, 1:53.
Fourth race, three-year olds, six furlongs, Mistral, 107, Doggett 5 to 1, won. Furlongs, Liseig, 81, A. Clayton, 3 to 1, won. Thum second, Saratoga third. Time, 1:53.
Fifth race, selling, one mile, Sandown, 95, Griffin, 6 to 5, won. Semper Lex second, Skeddle third. Time, 1:45.
Sixth race, one mile, Prig, 106, Griffin, 8 to 1, won. Aurelian second, Galilee third. Time, 1:44.

Today's Entries.

First race, seven furlongs, Perrier, 117; John Cooper, 115; Del Norte, 95; Thurston, 100.
Second race, handicap, one mile, Faraday, 116; Candelabra, 110; Stowaway, 103; Saratoga, 101; Kottigetta.
Third race, Bitter-Rood stud stakes, five furlongs, Liseig, 81; Keenan, 125; Annie, 100; Handspan and Gutta, Persch.
Fourth race, handicap, one mile and a sixteenth, Liseig, 81; A. Clayton, 3 to 1, won. Thum second, Saratoga third. Time, 1:53.
Fifth race, selling, six and one-half furlongs, Fred Douglas, 108; Rightmore, 106; Ernest Park, 101; Pearl Song, 102; each; Pulitzer, 101; Miss Galop, 101.
Sixth race, Beverick handicap, steeple chase, full course, Cicero, 180; Gallant, 180; Sam Price, 162; Ecarte, 144; Glenfallen, 141; Price, 139.

National League Games.

At Brooklyn, first game—R H E
Brooklyn..... 3 0 1 0 10-3 15 3
New York..... 2 1 0 2 6-17 16 3
Game called by consent of both clubs in order to enable the second game to be played.
At Philadelphia, first game—R H E
Philadelphia..... 0 0 0 1 0 11-15 13 3
Batteries—Esper and Robinson; Taylor and Grad.
At Philadelphia, second game—R H E
Philadelphia..... 3 2 2 4 10-16 18 0
Batteries—McMahon and Clark; Harper, Weyhing and Cross.
Game called on account of darkness.
At Washington..... 2 0 0 3 0 10-10 16 6
Batteries—McGuire and McGuire; Nichols, Ryan and Connaughton.
At Pittsburgh..... 3 0 1 0 1 0 10-13 14 4
Batteries—Hawley and Twineham; Gumbert and Merritt.
At Cleveland..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 5-5 6 2
Batteries—McMahon and Clark; Harper, Weyhing and Cross.
Game called on account of darkness.

THE BURGLAR ESCAPED.

A Crowd Collected in Front of the
House and He Skipped.

Patrolman John Abbott went out at 1:30 o'clock this morning to catch a burglar who was in a house at the corner of Ellis street and Piedmont avenue. The burglar had been discovered by some negroes, who went to the station house and put the police on to it. While the policeman was going to the place a crowd collected around the house and the burglar slipped out. He was chased three blocks but got away. Nothing was carried off this morning, but some burglar has visited the house before.

SOCIETY NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dowling have returned from New York and are at 214 Courtland street for the present.
Miss Ida Edwards, a charming girl from Covington, Ga., is spending the summer at Asheville, N. C. Miss Edwards is strikingly pretty and a true type of southern beauty, and the daughter of Senator Edwards.
Mr. Hutson Lee, general agent for North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama of the Deming Land and Water Company, of Deming, New Mexico, is in the city.

Miss May Belle Glover, of Marietta, and Miss Annie Gibson, of Dallas, Tex., two beautiful young ladies, are visiting in the city, guests of the city.

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THE FIRE CHIEFS.

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IT IS TO BE HELD IN MONTREAL.

Atlanta's Chief Stands High Among the Fire Fighters—Will Be Accompanied by Mrs. Joyner.

The International Association of Fire Engineers of the United States and Canada will hold their twenty-first annual convention at Montreal, Canada, beginning August 10th.

Chief Joyner, of the Atlanta fire department, will leave for that city early next week. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Joyner, and will be away about two weeks. The route the chief will take is rather a circuitous one. He goes to New York by rail, from there to Albany by boat, thence to Kingston, Canada, by rail, and from that place to Montreal by steam. On his return he will come by way of the White Mountains, the whole making a delightful trip.

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This year's convention promises to be one of the most successful in the history of the association. As it is the first ever held in Canada, many chiefs will probably attend the convention, and thus avail themselves of the opportunity to see that country, which has never attended any former meeting of the association.

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Splendid entertainment is usually accorded to the firemen by the people of the city in which they meet and every one has a most enjoyable time.

IN THE LOCAL FIELD.

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MR. EADS OFF.—Mr. John Eads left yesterday for a trip north. He will be away about two weeks during which time he will take in most of the famous resorts, spending most of his time at Niagara. As a detective, Mr. Eads has been the famous female forger. He will return in time to take up proceedings against Mrs. Hiscorn.

VAN HAFTEN HAS GONE.—A. M. Van Haften, whose determined effort at suicide several weeks ago placed him in the Grady hospital for repairs, has been dismissed from that institution. The razor wounds in his neck are entirely healed up, and, physically, he is again strong. Since the attempt at suicide, Van Haften has been in a dazed condition mentally and suffering from delusions of different kinds. He left yesterday with his wife for Memphis, Tenn.

EMMETT MASON STILL SICK.—Emmett Mason, the negro who was shot in East Point by Marshall Ryan, is still confined to his couch in the jail. He is suffering from the wound in his arm, and is in a dangerous condition yet. It is thought that Mason is a fit subject for the Grady hospital.

WAS A SMALL COLLISION.—In the yards of the Central railroad yesterday afternoon there was a small head-on collision, which resulted in the disabling of two engines. Passenger train No. 11 had been backed out to the yards by a switch engine and was waiting for a blockade to be removed in order to take track. No flag was displayed, and the suburban train, in charge of Engineer Hollis, Fireman Jarrett and Conductor Mamer, had no notice of the train being left on the main track. As the suburban train rounded the curve, the train broke in sight, but something was the matter with the brake, and the two engines met. The suburban train was making about ten miles an hour. Beyond a general shaking up of the passengers and disabling of the two engines, no damage was done.

BEAVERS IS BACK.—Call Officer Beavers, of the police force, is at his post again after his five days' furlough. The officer spent most of his absence fishing in middle Georgia.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.—Yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock little Leonard Peoples, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Peoples, passed away at his home, 100 Capitol avenue. Little Leonard was only a few years old, yet he was so bright and happy in his life, so loving and sweet in his nature that his death will be a great loss, not only to the bereaved parents, but to all their friends. He will be laid to rest this morning at Westview cemetery. The funeral will take place from the residence.

HE RESISTED ARREST.—Last night Officer Brannon went into a small negro house on Fraser street to arrest Ed Jones for disorderly conduct. He found Ed and started with him to the call box. On the way the negro jerked loose from the officer and began to run. Brannon caught him again, when a sharp scuffle ensued. Bill Jones

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VAN HAFTEN HAS GONE.—A. M. Van Haften, whose determined effort at suicide several weeks ago placed him in the Grady hospital for repairs, has been dismissed from that institution. The razor wounds in his neck are entirely healed up, and, physically, he is again strong. Since the attempt at suicide, Van Haften has been in a dazed condition mentally and suffering from delusions of different kinds. He left yesterday with his wife for Memphis, Tenn.

EMMETT MASON STILL SICK.—Emmett Mason, the negro who was shot in East Point by Marshall Ryan, is still confined to his couch in the jail. He is suffering from the wound in his arm, and is in a dangerous condition yet. It is thought that Mason is a fit subject for the Grady hospital.

WAS A SMALL COLLISION.—In the yards of the Central railroad yesterday afternoon there was a small head-on collision, which resulted in the disabling of two engines. Passenger train No. 11 had been backed out to the yards by a switch engine and was waiting for a blockade to be removed in order to take track. No flag was displayed, and the suburban train, in charge of Engineer Hollis, Fireman Jarrett and Conductor Mamer, had no notice of the train being left on the main track. As the suburban train rounded the curve, the train broke in sight, but something was the matter with the brake, and the two engines met. The suburban train was making about ten miles an hour. Beyond a general shaking up of the passengers and disabling of the two engines, no damage was done.

BEAVERS IS BACK.—Call Officer Beavers, of the police force, is at his post again after his five days' furlough. The officer spent most of his absence fishing in middle Georgia.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.—Yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock little Leonard Peoples, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Peoples, passed away at his home, 100 Capitol avenue. Little Leonard was only a few years old, yet he was so bright and happy in his life, so loving and sweet in his nature that his death will be a great loss, not only to the bereaved parents, but to all their friends. He will be laid to rest this morning at Westview cemetery. The funeral will take place from the residence.

HE RESISTED ARREST.—Last night Officer Brannon went into a small negro house on Fraser street to arrest Ed Jones for disorderly conduct. He found Ed and started with him to the call box. On the way the negro jerked loose from the officer and began to run. Brannon caught him again, when a sharp scuffle ensued. Bill Jones

THE FIRE CHIEFS. Chief Joyner Will Leave for the Annual Convention Soon. IT IS TO BE HELD IN MONTREAL. Atlanta's Chief Stands High Among the Fire Fighters—Will Be Accompanied by Mrs. Joyner.

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GIRLS EARNING A LIVING.

This Summer Weather Tests the Resources of Working Girls—Must Keep Neat and Well at Small Expense—Paine's Celery Compound.

One, two, three, four crisp dollar bills—pay for a whole week's tireless work behind counters, or in some factory. Imagine it your own daughter!

It shocks one to think that lace and corsets come so dear and human life so cheap.

Trying to earn a living at this rate soon brings out all the working girl's womanly resources to keep neatly dressed, pleasant and well. Few days can be spared for sickness and strength must not flag till past closing time.

The health of the working girl has ever had Paine's celery compound. It keeps her well and full of strength and courage. It restores vitality to tired when unusual waste has reduced the weight and strength of the body. It is frequently the cause in the heated season. It gives new appetite, and keeps every part of the body, nerves and blood, as well as the nervous system, healthy and strong.

In heading the head is not alone the offending part. The brain is the center of the great nervous system, and there is a continual communication from every part of the body to it. Hence a derangement of the stomach, liver or kidneys produces headaches, dizziness, and a host of other conditions.

A NEAT COMPLIMENT.—The Kimball house paid a compliment to Hon. W. Y. Atkinson which is a new thing in the treatment of gubernatorial aspirants by hotels. A room for the campaign headquarters and a room for Mrs. Atkinson were furnished on Sunday afternoon at the same place. To Manager Hugh Porter to Georgia's next governor.

GOING TO MEXICO.—Mr. H. D. F. Atwood, ex-postmaster of Brunswick, Ga., is expected on his way to Mexico. He has accepted an important position on the Mexican Central, and is on his way to take charge.

IN CONVICT STRIPES.—Sam Sledge, a big, black negro, dressed in the garb of a convict, was the center of a group of onlookers last night at the union depot. He was in charge of a party of D. H. Wylie, of Bibb county. Sledge is on his way from the Dade county coal mines to Bibb county. He has been serving a sentence for shooting another. A new trial has been granted him, however, and he is on his way to take advantage of it. His sentence is five years and he has served about a year. He shot a negro by the name of Bob Harris.

FOR LARCENY AFTER TRUST.—Alf Bozeman, a negro, was bound over to court yesterday afternoon by Justice Orr. The charge against him was larceny after trust. He was given the option of going to jail or making a bond for \$100. He is in jail.

JOE JAMES TO SPEAK.—The campaign at Forsyth county will be opened on Tuesday, the 20th, at Cumming. Land and Water Company, Deming, New Mexico, is going for the populists with his usual vigor and will have a big crowd.

THEIR VACATIONS ENDED.—Rev. Henry D. McDonald has returned from his vacation, spent partly in Canada, in attendance upon the convention of the Young People's Baptist Union. The doctor has returned looking greatly improved. Rev. A. R. Holdridge, of the Moore Memorial church, has returned from his vacation also, and will occupy his pulpit Sunday.

THE NEWSPAPER MEN.—The large number of newspaper men from Georgia who attended the state convention remained over until yesterday to see the last of the politicians. Among those who were here were Messrs. Stovall, Savannah; Edwards, Hook and Charles J. Bayne, of Augusta; Alf Harper, Rome; G. W. F. Price and Allen, Macon; Douglas Glesner, Griffin; B. H. Richardson, Columbus; Dick Grubb, Darien; Phil Ayrd, Rome.

SPECIAL TO RAILROAD MEN.—Rev. J. H. Eakes, pastor of Walker Street Methodist Episcopal church, will address the railroad men's meeting at the rooms of the railroad department, Young Men's Christian Association on Wall street tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

BACK FROM THE HIGHLANDS.—Mayor Pro Tem. Broyles returned from a fortnight's stay at Highlands, N. C., yesterday morning. He was accompanied by Mrs. Broyles. He had a great time, said he. "Yesterday morning we ate breakfast by a fire, and last night we were sweltering with heat. It's a fine place for a vacation. The mountain scenery is as fine as there is anywhere in North Carolina, not even excepting the magnificent scenery around Asheville. It's a great sport, climbing the mountains and enjoying the cold mountain breeze, all the time knowing that home is just a stage line from Seneca, S. C., which is about fifty miles in length."

A JOINT DISCUSSION.—There was a joint discussion at Buford last night between Hon. Charles H. Brand, the well known young Georgian and none other than the senator from the district in which Buford is located, and Mr. M. D. Irwin, editor of Living Issues, the populist paper. The discussion was confined to the platform of the two parties.

THE LADIES TO MEET.—The ways and means committee of the woman's department of the Cotton States and International exposition, will hold a very important meeting at the residence of Mrs. Hugh Hagan at 10 o'clock this morning. It is requested that a full attendance of ladies be present.

BOUND OVER.—Meriwether Barrow, a negro boy, was tried yesterday by Judge Landrum, on a warrant sworn out by R. P. Moore, a white man, for larceny from the house of Mrs. Barrow. Barrow was bound over to court for a full trial. His appearance in a higher court. His attorney was Colonel J. A. Wimpy.

PECULIAR STATE OF AFFAIRS.—According to Harrison King's Petition, a man can't live at home. A very peculiar state of affairs was developed in a petition filed in the clerk's court by Harrison King against L. C. Craig and L. B. Austin for an injunction. It would appear from the petition that Harrison King resides on the west side of Orme street, near the corner of Hunnicutt and Orme. He lives with his wife and family in a house erected on this lot and which property he claims is his by right of title and bona fide deed.

King alleges that L. B. Austin, attorney for L. C. Craig, ordered a force of men to work tearing down the house occupied by him, and which he claims is his own house. That the defendants were told of this fact and that they were also told that Mrs. King, wife of petitioner, was and is now in bed exceedingly ill. Despite this sick in bed exceedingly ill. Despite this the defendants tore down a portion of the house and intended to tear down more upon yesterday, when the injunction was granted.

The petition was taken before Judge J. H. Hunt, of Griffin, who granted a temporary injunction and set the case for a hearing on September 8th.

Gospel Tent Meeting.—The big gospel tent that was until recently located on North avenue, has been moved to a new place, corner of Cain and Williams streets, close in, and services will open there on Sunday afternoon, August 5th, at 3 o'clock. The meeting will be conducted by Rev. J. S. Tillman, Charles D. Tillman, Mr. S. E. Taylor and others.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Award.

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SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

The Hotel Tybee announces special reduced rates of \$10.00 and \$12.50 per week for August. Don't fail to avail yourself of this rare opportunity of spending a few days at this famous resort.

Low Excursion Rates by the Central Railroad.

For further information write or telegraph

BOHAN & COWAN, Props., Tybee Island, Ga.

SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA INSTITUTE, FOR YOUNG LADIES.

New and elegant building, costing \$150,000. Twenty-three officers and teachers from Europe and America. Capacity 200. Session opens September 13, 1894. Write for catalogue to SAMUEL D. JONES, President, Bristol, Va., Tenn. July 11-20t eod

Chickasaw Coal and Coke Co.

I offer to my friends, the citizens of Atlanta and the coal merchants of this and other cities the above coal at wholesale. It is No. 1 grate, steam and blacksmith very hard, does not slack, no clinkers. Little dust or smoke; all will burn to a white ash. For economy and comfort I solicit a trial. One firm in Memphis contracted last season to take 200 tons per day; also one in New Orleans 125 tons per day. It was retailed at prices equal to Pittsburgh No. 1 coal. I wish agents in other cities to sell same. The company owns and retails, having four railroads. I can ship over, freight the coal by the railroad and ships direct to the consumer. The price of the coal will be very low to suit these light times, for cash, or credit to the 1st of the following month, with bank references. Correspondence solicited. Telephone 506. EDWARD PARSONS, Wholesale Agent, 5 South Broad street, Atlanta, Ga.

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NEW DOCTORS.

Thousands going to see them, and hundreds rejected as incurable.

During the past two months, 3,125 visited the Foreign Doctors, and 715 were rejected as incurable. Owning to the number who called and were unable to secure a cure, the doctors have kindly extended the time for rendering free services.

All who visit them before October 20 will receive services free of charge. This is positively the last time the sick are to be cured.

DR. A. SOPER. Will ever have for securing the advice of these distinguished gentlemen gratuitously. All diseases of men and women treated. No matter what the name and nature of your disease may be, nor how long standing, do not fail to get their opinion of your case before October 20, as it costs you nothing. This benevolent offer is extended to the rich and poor alike. If incurable, they will frankly tell you.

Dr. Soper has had a Dr. A. McKenney, vast experience both on land and sea, and is conceded to be the most eminent diagnostician in the world. Hours 10 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 4 p. m. Closed Sundays. Office, 44 Walton street, corner Fairlie street. Those unable to call, enclose 25 stamp and history of their case and address to BOBBER.

Office of the Home Insurance Company, New Orleans, La., July 3, 1894.—This is to notify the public that the Home Insurance Company of New Orleans, La., has withdrawn from business in the state of Georgia, and the Home Insurance Company has canceled all policies issued by it in the state of Georgia, and has satisfied and paid all claims of its policy holders in the state of Georgia, and on application to Hon. W. A. Wright, comptroller general and insurance commissioner of the state of Georgia, for letters of withdrawal from the state treasury \$25,000 of bonds of the Home Insurance Company now on deposit with him.

THOMAS SEFTON, President. July 6-6w-fr

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For The Daily Constitution, or 50 cents per calendar month. Sixteen cents per week for The Daily and Sunday Constitution, or 6 cents per calendar month; delivered to any address by carrier in the city of Atlanta. Send in your name at once.

ATLANTA, GA., August 4, 1894.

Georgia Democrats and the Silver Question.

The deliverance made by the democratic party of Georgia, through its accredited representatives, will meet the approval of every voter in the state who believes in democratic principles. There was never any doubt in regard to the tenor and scope of the platform to be put forth except as to the financial plank, and the convention met that issue and disposed of it in a way that ought to prove satisfactory to the most ardent friend of free coinage. If there was any compromise sought or suggested in the committee on resolutions it was a compromise of terms that mean nothing, for the principle of American bimetalism pure and simple is as emphatically and as clearly set forth as any democrat could desire.

The silver declaration summarily disposes of the fraud and humbugger involved in the arguments in favor of an impossible international agreement. The democratic party of Georgia declares for the immediate free and unlimited coinage of silver, for the immediate restoration of the white metal to its constitutional position as a money metal, and will secure at once the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver on a party and give to every dollar in circulation, whether coin or paper, the same debt-paying and purchasing power.

All in all, this is a pretty tough prescription for those new converts to the single gold standard who have been cutting something of a figure in Georgia politics, and also for those who have been hiding goldbugger views behind the somewhat transparent veil of international agreement. We presume it is a prescription that will be hard to swallow, but it should be borne in mind that the medicine that possesses the greatest inherent virtues is frequently the bitterest; and, in this case, a heroic dose is absolutely necessary. On the party at large it will have the effect of a tonic—a nerve restorer.

There has been considerable clamor on the part of some democrats to the effect that party between gold and silver cannot be maintained if this country enters upon the free coinage of silver without the consent and active aid of the European monarchies. As the result of this clamor, a good deal of confusion has arisen in regard to the real meaning of the term "parity" and its application to our various forms of currency. But the democratic party of the state has swept this clamor aside, and has left no room for confusion. When "every dollar in circulation, whether coin or paper, is given" by law "the same debt-paying and purchasing power," then each dollar will be on a parity with every other dollar. The platform declaration simplifies the whole question and demands that the burden of hard times, contracted values, depreciated farm products, vanishing profits in business, low wages and the whole crushing and cruel result of the demonetization of more than half of the debt-paying money of the country be forthwith abolished and swept away by such legislation as "will secure at once the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver on a party."

Every silver dollar that now bears the stamp of the government is at a parity with gold, not because it is redeemable in gold, for it is not so redeemable by law, but because it possesses the necessary quality of debt-paying money and because the people would as soon have it as gold. Parity between the coined dollars of the two metals is maintained now at a ratio of 16 to 1, and it would be so maintained if the mints were opened to the free and unlimited coinage of silver tomorrow.

As those who have been trying to impress anti-free coinage views upon the party have failed in this purpose, they should now fall into line with the free coinage democrats and work heartily for the unity and harmony of the party and for the triumph of those principles of government that insure happiness and prosperity to the people of the country. Likewise, those democrats who have grown lukewarm toward the party organization, for fear that un-

democratic views on the silver question would prevail in the councils of the party, should renew their old-time enthusiasm and work in season and out of season to strengthen the organization to the end that thirty years' of republican legislation be swept from the statute books, and the people at last restored to their own.

How to Frighten Capital.

Capital is conservative, cautious and timid. It will go nowhere unless assured of the protection that results from law and order and good government.

It has required generations to convince capital that it will be safe in the south, but now that there is no longer any danger of force bills and race wars it is beginning to move in this direction. It is coming and it will continue to come unless we drive it away and bar it out. The suggestion of such a policy will strike everybody as absurd, but it is an easy matter to give capital a fright that will make it avoid the south for half a century. All that we have to do is to allow the populists to gain control of two or three southern states. When they captured Kansas, eastern capital left the state, and when they carried the city of Seattle capital fled. It would be the same in the case of any city or state in the south that went over to the populists. Progress will not mix with populism any more than oil will mix with water. The populists propose too many wild experiments. No sensible man cares to invest money or start an enterprise in a community controlled by men whose legislation might bankrupt him.

Of course we do not dream of a populist victory in any southern state, but it is well to keep a vigilant watch over our material interests. We must put none but democrats on guard. We must rally around our standard bearers and bring out the full strength of the party at the polls. It is no time for indecision or a stay-at-home policy. Every democratic vote will be needed in this campaign. It is not enough to defeat the populists, we must teach them the folly of any effort on their part to oppose the organized and invincible democracy of the south. The friends of progress and prosperity must give the death blow to populism.

For Speaker Pro Tem.

The friends of Hon. Clarence Wilson, of Clay county, have announced him as a candidate for speaker pro tem. of the next house of representatives.

Mr. Wilson has done distinguished service in the general assembly as senator from the eleventh district, and was recently tendered the unanimous nomination of the democracy of his county as the next representative from Clay. He will be overwhelmingly elected in the October election and will be one of the foremost members of the next house.

As a man of ripe legislative experience, wide popularity and well-known ability, he will receive the hearty support of friends throughout the state, who will be glad to see southwest Georgia thus represented in the organization of the house.

It gives The Constitution great pleasure to note the fact that he has consented to make the race for speaker pro tem. and to express the hope that he will be successful. A better selection could not be made.

Our Neglected Sister Republics.

In the current number of The North American Review the Argentine minister calls attention to the general lack of information in this country in regard to everything pertaining to the South American republics.

Distinguished visitors from Spanish-America are surprised to find that the prominent men they meet know next to nothing about the South American countries, their geography and their political institutions. In the Argentine republic it is different. The children in the public schools have clean and full information regarding the United States and each separate state. How many public schools in this country make it a point to teach their pupils the leading facts concerning the geography, history and politics of our sister republics?

This Argentine minister showed in Washington eighty photographs of the public school buildings in his country, and the general comment was that they looked like palaces. He declares that public education in several South American republics has reached a very advanced stage, and he claims that in culture, refinement and public order the countries south of us will compare favorably with other lands.

It must be admitted that there is too much truth in the charge that we are profoundly ignorant of many South American matters that should be better understood here, especially at a time when we are looking for the extension of our trade in those countries. We feel confident that our Cotton States and International exposition will stir up a widespread interest in everything that concerns our southern neighbors, but we should not wait until they come here to attend our big show. Our young men especially should give some of their time now to the study of Spanish-American subjects and if they will take the trouble to acquire the Spanish language it may open to them profitable business opportunities beyond anything in sight at home. We have waited a long time to make the acquaintance of our neighbors, but it is better now than never.

Cholera Spreading in Europe.

With cholera epidemic in Marseilles and sporadic cases in several French and Italian cities, to say nothing of its progress in Belgium and Russia, it is evident that we should take every possible precaution at our ports to prevent the plague from reaching this country.

Our dispatches yesterday gave a graphic description of the ravages of the disease in a Russian town. It seems that the epidemic is of a very malignant type. People in good health start to attend the funerals of their relatives, and are stricken on their way home and die where they fall in the streets. The rich have fled from the infected regions, and the poor are left

to their fate with hardly any means of communicating with the outside world. These signs are not to be ignored. We have had warnings enough, and it is more necessary now than it was last year to adopt every possible safeguard and preventive, not only in our seaboard cities, but in the European ports where our agents can do much to prevent the departure of infected vessels for our shores.

Speaker Crisp's Letter.

Speaker Crisp's letter to the state democratic convention is a noteworthy document. It is an eloquent appeal to those elements in the democratic organization that are impatient of the delay that has been made in redeeming the party pledges, or that disgusted at the failure of the party in congress to remove all the obstacles that the money power has been able to place in the way of democratic reforms.

Protests against this delay, no matter how vehement, are always in order, but it is one thing to protest and another quite a different thing to engage in a movement which has for its purpose the crippling of the democratic organization. When democratic criticism takes the shape of disaffection, it is a pretty sure sign that the disaffected are more interested in nursing their own impatience than they are in the success of democratic principles.

Speaker Crisp's letter is a sharp reminder to those voters who are thinking about deserting the democratic party because of the failure of the party in congress to carry out all the pledges of the platform. That thirty years' of republican misrule cannot be cured in a few months, and that although the republicans are out of power, the trusts and monopolies which they created are still in active possession of the ill-gotten gains which republican legislation has piled up for their benefit.

As Speaker Crisp says, if any democratic representative has failed to vote in accordance with the platform pledges, the remedy is not to abandon the party, which is not responsible, but to abandon the unfaithful representative. "No man," says the speaker, "is greater than a party, and no party can hope for success that does not choose representatives in full sympathy and accord with its purposes and its principles."

There has been delay in the fulfillment of the party's pledges, but what does that delay amount to compared with the long delay that will ensue if democrats cripple and weaken the party organization by deserting it?

This is a question that every voter in the state ought to seriously consider.

A Scheme of the Enemy.

From time to time the action of republican conventions and the utterances of the leaders of that party indicate a disposition on the part of our opponents to head us off on the silver question by adopting that policy as their own.

The other day the republican convention in the fourth congressional district of Virginia nominated a candidate for congress on the following platform:

Resolved, That we favor the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the rate of 16 to 1, and making of it a legal tender in all amounts for the payment of all debts, both public and private.

It is evident that the republicans in every quarter of the union regard silver as the winning issue, and they are losing no time in getting on the right side.

If there is any danger to us in this scheme it will be caused by the failure of the democrats to stick to the silver plank of their platform. All that we have to do is to convince the country that we propose to redeem our pledge to restore bimetalism by immediate legislation that will carry it into effect without unnecessary delay. To suppose that a great party holding this advantage will deliberately throw it away is to charge it with a degree of folly amounting to political crime.

The democracy should make it plain that it is the only genuine silver party in the country.

The South Will Lead.

Our northern contemporaries are almost unanimous in predicting the speedy revival of business in the south, and they admit that this section will lead in the march of prosperity and progress.

The New York Times thinks that the two most important events in connection with the advancement of the south are the recent restoration of rates under the agreement of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association and the final official act consolidating the Richmond and Danville with the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, and other smaller lines under the charter of the new Southern Railway Company. The Times goes on to say:

"The importance of the amalgamation of the Richmond and Danville and the East Tennessee systems into a single-headed and permanent organization will be best appreciated by persons who have business interests in the south, and who, therefore, know how bitter the rivalry between the two systems has been at times. Local jealousies and uncompromising business competition have been very costly elements in the history of those rival railroad lines, and the industrial growth of the sections of country traversed by them has suffered in consequence. It is the avowed mission of the new Southern Railway Company to harmonize hitherto antagonistic interests, eliminate ruinous competition and endeavor to foster southern industries by dealing impartially and fairly with every community, as well as with each separate business concern."

An increasing interest in the securities of southern railroads in financial circles indicates an increasing faith in the business prospects of the south. And by a natural process of reasoning any improvement of business in the southern states means equally an improvement in business conditions throughout the country. Just at present the southern railroads are making a better showing proportionately than the railroads in any other section of the country. This favorable state of affairs is doubtless due partly to the fact that the southern railroads have not been hampered by any costly labor strikes, partly by a cessation of the war rates, and partly to the fact that the southern cotton crop is ready for the market.

This sensible view of the southern situation is sustained by the facts of the case, and it is in line with the opinions expressed by the leading financial and trade journals of the country. The policy of the Southern Railway Company in fostering our interests and deal-

ing fairly with each community and business concern cannot fail to stimulate commerce and industrial enterprise and aid in the upbuilding of the country. Railroad men of long experience, north and south, do not hesitate to say that there will be a speedy and a substantial improvement in southern business.

We believe that these prophets of better times know exactly what they are talking about. Compared with other sections the south is practically out of debt, and when the great transportation lines go to work actively to promote our interests it is safe to say that nothing but some unexpected calamity can prevent us from plunging into an era of good times this fall. Of course, it would be better for us if we had the financial relief and tariff reform so imperatively needed by the country, but our exceptionally favorable conditions will now push the south forward in spite of the failure of our lawmakers to redeem the pledges of the Chicago platform. This is the outlook and it grows brighter every day.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Li Hung-Chang, the Bismarck of China, is six feet high, strongly built and muscular. His figure is erect and he carries his head at a firm and modest poise. His skin is yellow and swarthy. His eyes are dark, piercing and small, acute, intelligent and lively. His hair is gray, is shaven back from his forehead and piled into a queue of medium length and thickness. His nose is straight and discolored by tobacco. He has a drooping gray mustache and thin, gray chin whiskers, such as come to Chinamen late in life. He is dressed in a blue and white military uniform, found him an amiable and hospitable gentleman, anxious to develop the internal resources of China, to enlarge its relations with the outside world, and to solve all problems connected with government. He is a good smoker and likes champagne.

A French statistician says that the number of men and women in France is more nearly equal than in any other country of the world. In France there are 1,007 women to 1,000 men. In Switzerland there are 1,064 men to 1,000 women, and in Greece only 933. The conditions in Hong-Kong, according to this author, are "appalling," there being only 366 women to 1,000 men.

India has 27,000,000 acres in rice, 13,000,000 in wheat, 75,000,000 in other food grains, 1,600,000 in sugar-cane, 251,000 in tea, 10,000,000 in cotton, 1,000,000 in indigo, 300,000 in tobacco.

Ruskin began to write books at five years of age. His first dated poem was written a month before he reached the age of seven. His first appearance in print was in The Magazine of Architecture in 1834, when he was fifteen. Macaulay wrote a commendatory notice of his poetry in the Edinburgh Review of 1840. Macaulay was only seven years old. Mrs. Browning read the original when she was ten years old.

Sarah Bernhardt continues to display some of the eccentricities of her stage life. After an afternoon tea in London, the other day, clad in an enormous seashell ulster, which she even held over her head, she was very warmly, a splendid and a very warm, very comfortable in her luxurious garment, and everybody else forgot the heat in an awed survey of her.

The epigram uttered by John S. Wise, "New York is the graveyard of village republicans," has been noted by the crowd of passers-by, who, thirty years ago, was the idol of the chivalry of the south. The son of a famous confederate general, intrusted with the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, no sea and no land, no onslaught so brilliant and daring as his. Gifted with a handsome person, a spry mind, a splendid education and a distinction of bearing even then unusual, he acted a conspicuous part on the world's stage. And now, his light almost faded, he lies in a quiet room in a side street and dines at a cheap table d'hôte. He is lost in New York with thousands of others.

The government stands behind its pecuniary obligations, but in no sense does it stand behind the law. The value of money is at all times subject to the vicissitudes of the market, which are entirely outside of government control. It is true the law cannot make a man rich, but it can greatly enlarge its value. With an accumulated stock of gold, sufficient to supply the army and navy, the government would be worth 20 cents an ounce.

GEORGIA PRESS PERSONALS.

Waycross Herald: The Atlanta Constitution, of the 31st ult., contains a very good picture of Judge Sweet of this city. Judge Sweet occupies a high position among the legal minds of Georgia.

Barnesville Gazette: If Mr. Atkinson leaves the gubernatorial chair with a record as clean as that made by Governor Northen, Georgia will again have reason for congratulating herself.

Madison Advertiser: Judge Lawson has been successful in his endeavor to secure by papers all over the state since his great victory in this district. There has been much rejoicing in the democratic camps over his nomination.

Savannah Press: The Madison Advertiser prints a fine essay of William A. Broughton, the next senator from that district. Mr. Broughton is a young man of the university and is a lawyer and farmer. He was prepared by Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston for college.

FUN WITH GEORGIA EDITORS.

Says The Ringgold News South: "A beetle can draw twenty times its own weight. So can a mustard plaster."

The hard of The Madison Advertiser sings good naturedly:

"The melancholy days have come,
The hottest of all the year;
But we have the festive moon,
And the town is full of beer."

The editor of The Hawkinsville Dispatch administers this timely warning:

"Some of the candidates who neglected to put their announcements in The Dispatch, have been left in the lurch. It is thought that Mr. Garrity, of Paulding, will secure the people's party nomination."

The Summerville News has this: "There was no more faithful or energetic member in the legislature than John Webb. The people of the forty-fourth district will do well to elect him to the senate."

The democrats of Whitfield hold their primary for senatorial and legislative candidates Saturday, August 11th.

It is rumored that an independent candidate for the legislature will enter the race from Calhoun county.

JUST FROM GEORGIA.

The Aftermath.

After the convention—all serene and bright—
Suns still rise at break of day and stars
Come out at night!
All the country beams, beautiful as
ever!

Candidates heap thicker than the violets
at your feet!
After the convention—all the war o' words—
Still we hear the music o' the Georgia
moodbirds!

Still we feel the blowl'n' o' the cool, re-
freshin' breeze,
An' candidates heap thicker than the sparrows
on the trees!

After the convention—let the campaign
roll!
August, with her sunshine, is a lightin'
every day!

All the country beams, beautiful as
sweet!
An' candidates heap thicker than the
daisies at your feet!

If some of the senators would just blow
out the gas and go to bed the country
would breathe easier.

Full All Round.
"Have you any room for a little poem?"
"No; paper's full."
"Well, here are the boys of the old brigade."
"Oh, he's full, too!"

"Congress is getting down to business,"
observes an exchange. But congress could
do much better by getting up to it.

After the Convention.
Now for the battle! The lines are laid;
And the campaign begins to swell!
There are the boys of the old brigade!
Voting the ticket still!

The farmers of Georgia are in the home-
supply business this year; we hear nothing
of hominy, and there will be more meat
to the mile than man can mention.

How He Went.
"Did the editor die in bed?"
"No; in debt."

The Bryan County Recorder says that
"the populist paper of Bulloch has suspended
publication for the lack of 'free sil-
ver.'"

He never takes the papers—for he isn't a
believer.

In the news and the sensations of the
day:
That's why they put his business in the
his hand to receive.

And his creditors are hauling him away!
An exchange says: "The senators are talk-
ing in their shirt-sleeves." They'd better
roll 'em up and get down to business.

At the End of It.
"Jones is working on the right line
now?"
"Lynched ten minutes ago."

While the east and west are sweating
in the blistering heat, Georgia keeps as
cool as a cucumber, carving the red heart
of her watermelons at 10 in the shade.

That's What!
No matter if we melt or freeze—
In summer time or fall:
We're going to get by degrees—
Thermometers and all!

Polk Miller's "Old Virginia Darky" is
winning fame for the genial humorist in
the north and west. He just talks "like
the natural nigger," and gets there every
time.

Then Come to Me.
When Hope's bright star fades dimly far
And clouds of sorrow lie
Expansive, wide on every side
Along life's changeful sky,
Then come to me.

If those you love should falsely prove
And turn their backs on you,
With no one near to shed a tear,
Or with you humbly kneel,
Then come to me.

A welcome true there's still for you,
For time can never
Through days and many years may go
The friendship of a friend—
Then come to me.

Atlanta, Ga. —CRESSIE LLOYD.

GEORGIA POLITICAL NOTES.

The Athens Banner, following up its recent editorials on the subject, says:

"The question of adding two judges to the supreme court of Georgia should be laid above that of politics. It is in no wise a question on which the democrats and populists should differ. It is a necessity of the state, and a matter of dollars and cents to the people. Its enactment into law will insure to the benefit of all classes of the people, whether they be rich or poor, and will be a boon to the people of Georgia should, with one accord, declare in favor of the proposed amendment to the constitution providing for two additional judges of the supreme court."

The Summerville News says of Walker county politics:

"There are about eight or ten men in Walker who want to represent that county in the next general assembly, and about as many who want to be the next sheriff. Among the prospective candidates for the latter office are the present incumbent, W. A. Foster; William Riley, the present sheriff; Hugh Sims and numbers of others. They are going to have a lively time in Walker this fall."

The Augusta Evening Herald says:

"The manner of the endorsement of Major Black means much. It is the longest step possible in the way toward the success of the party at the polls. There is no reason to doubt that Congressman Black, though he will be met with stubborn opposition from Mr. Watson and the third party, will be successful at the polls in November."

Says The Madison Advertiser:

"The democratic executive committee of Morgan county, the head of the party organization of the county, is alive and at work, preparing for the coming campaign. Old Morgan will roll up good majorities for all democratic nominees this fall."

Says The Madison Advertiser:

"Hon. W. V. Atkinson, Hon. A. S. Clay and Hon. Dupont Querry have been invited by the democratic executive committee to deliver speeches in Madison some time in the near future. These gentlemen are able exponents of sound democratic doctrine, and will receive a cordial welcome when they come to speak to our people."

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WILL BEAT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A Great Educational Exhibit Will Be Made at the Exposition.

The prospects are that the Cotton States and International exposition will have at least one exhibit that will excel the one made at the world's fair of the same line, viz: the educational exhibit.

Last month, when the Georgia State Teachers' Association was assembled at Cumberland Island, Major W. F. Slaton, superintendent of the public schools in this city, offered a resolution endorsing the exposition. This resolution was passed with great unanimity.

Major Slaton then offered a resolution to the effect that the president of the association be authorized to appoint a committee from the state at large to provide for an educational exhibit to be made at the exposition. This resolution was also passed with great unanimity.

The delegates to the convention all manifested great interest in this work and all pledged themselves to aid in making it a success.

Accordingly, when the convention adjourned, Hon. R. J. Guinn, president of the association, set about making up the committee. This resolution was passed with great unanimity.

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EVERYBODY GETS ON.

That Platform Suits All the Democrats
and They Are Happy.

NO ONE BUT THE ENEMY IS KICKING

Chairman Clay's Resignation Will Be
the Old Capital Building—The
saw's Resolution Evokes Gossip.

Yesterday was a day of harmony and
celebrations. The harmony was of the
character best expressed by a big H, and
the congratulations were hearty and uni-
form.

Everybody was happy over the result of
the convention. It was a genuine love-
fest that was being enjoyed by the boys
as they paraded and left for their homes,
and everybody was enthusiastic over the
prospects of democratic success.

Some of the delegates had left the city
on the late trains of the night before, but
most of them had, on account of the night
session, remained over until yesterday
morning. They were up early—at least
most of them—were as the trains left the
Atlanta "hub," going in all directions
to all parts of the state, the crowd was
rapidly thinning out. Last night the Kim-
ball banquet hall deserted. There were just
a few left and they looked decidedly
sore.

Colonel Atkinson went to Newnan on the
city clock train and Chairman Clay went
up to Marietta a few hours later. When
will return to the city on Monday, both
Chairman Clay will complete the mem-
bership of the state executive committee
and will meet with such members as find it
convenient to be present at that time. He
has no time yesterday to devote to the
celebration of the appointments, but it is
generally understood that among those
who will be placed upon the committee
will be Hon. Fleming duBignon, Hon. R. L.
Lewis, of Sparta; Hon. Martin
Chalmers, of Augusta; and Hon. C. E. Fife,
of Hartsville. There is nothing official in
this, although it is very generally
understood that these four gentlemen will
be among the eleven to be named.

Yesterday morning an informal meeting
of the members of the state committee
appointed from the districts was held at the
Kimball house and Colonel B. H. Richardson
was unanimously chosen as secretary of
the executive committee. The selections
made by the different districts are uniform-
ly excellent and the indications are that
the committee will be one of the very
best which Georgia has ever had. Chairman
Clay offers upon the platform the charac-
teristic of the party, with the collaborator
who has been given him and whom he will
lead, the campaign will undoubtedly be
very effectively conducted. The work of the
committee will be greatly facilitated by the
information which the outgoing committee,
or rather its chairman, Judge Fort, has
secured from the county executive com-
mittees. This has been turned over to
Chairman Clay and his preparation saves
the new committee a good deal of work and
a good deal of time.

The platform pleases everybody. There
are some who would have gone further on
the side of the platform controversy, but
the declaration of principles is univer-
sally regarded as clean and clear cut, and
it is one upon which every democrat in
Georgia can stand. The declaration for
free and unlimited coinage of silver is
clear and emphatic and is a strong endor-
sement of the interpretation given the Chi-
cago platform in the last Georgia campaign.

The democrats of Georgia are positive in
their demands that the legislation on this
be not delayed by any doubtful hope
for international agreement or anything of
that kind and demand in their platform
that such legislation be brought about im-
mediately. The financial plank is one upon
which everybody can stand. There are
quite a few no democratic differences about
the platform or anything else. This is the
result of overwhelming harmony and will prove
the year of overwhelming defeat for the
opposites.

The little incident at the close of the
convention when Mr. Dessau, of Bibb,
made an effort to secure a different endor-
sement of the president and his administration
from that of the committee has reported
much discussed during the day. The
Bibb delegation had printed copies of the
resolutions which were adopted at the mass
meeting in that county and which were,
in substance, an unequivocal endorsement
of every act of the president. When the
delegates went to dinner, men were sta-
tioned outside the convention hall distribut-
ing these resolutions, neatly printed on
small paper, and which were given to
the delegates.

"We, the democracy of Georgia, in con-
vention assembled, do hereby reaffirm the
principles and policies of our national
democracy as declared in the Chicago plat-
form of 1892, and recommit the country
to the triumph of these principles in the
forthcoming election of Grover Cleve-
land, who, by his just and generous treat-
ment of the south, has shown that he is the
president of the entire union, knowing no
north, no south, no east, no west. We re-
affirm his wisdom and patriotism, applaud
his faith in democracy in its simplicity and
purity and we hereby declare our faith in
his administration of the federal govern-
ment. Notwithstanding the differences of
opinion among us as to the details, we all
agree that he has in his entire course been
guided and actuated by motives of the
highest patriotism, the most unselfish de-
votion to the greatest good of the whole
people, and we hereby appeal to all dem-
ocrats to waive all differences as to de-
tails and unite for the purpose of maintaining
democratic supremacy and for the triumph
of democratic principles."

Mr. Price, of the Macon Telegraph, had
made a strong effort to secure the adoption
of the resolution in the committee on re-
solutions, but had failed.

After the committee had made its report
Mr. Dessau made a strong effort to have
his resolution adopted in place of that
of the series adopted by the committee
and was successful.

"We have an abiding faith in the courage,
honesty and patriotism of Presi-
dent Cleveland and appreciate the diffi-
culty of his position. We believe it is in
his interest to remedy the evil effects of repub-
lican misrule and extravagance."

The committee had unanimously agreed
upon this resolution and had also agreed
that when its report had been read and
previous question should be called. The con-
vention showed that it was thoroughly
in agreement with the committee's report
and unanimously sustained the call for the
previous question. Mr. Dessau's resolution
was, therefore, out of order. After the
committee's report had been unanimously
adopted he then endeavored to secure the
adoption of his resolution, but this, too, was
very promptly, and with practical unanim-
ity, decided to adjourn, the vast majority
of the conservative members being con-

SOME CHANGES MADE

Mr. W. A. Turk, General Passenger Agent
of the Southern, Was Here.

FREIGHT AND TICKET OFFICES JOINED

But All of the Men Will Be Retained for
the Present, at Least—Other Rail-
road News of Interest.

The offices of the local freight and ticket
agents of the Southern railway will be con-
solidated in Atlanta.

The consolidation will not take place for
thirty days, but it is about settled that
these offices shall be joined sooner or later.

This is the result of the conference held
by General Passenger Agent W. A. Turk
and Traffic Manager Culp with the local
agents of the company here yesterday.

The office of the ticket agent, C. E.
Bergman, formerly with the Richmond and
Danville, will be joined with the office of
Ed Kirby, formerly city ticket agent of the
East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, on
the corner of the Kimball house fronting
the union passenger depot, and the offices
of Captain John J. Griffin, division freight
agent, formerly with the East Tennessee,
and L. L. McCleskey, formerly agent of the
Richmond and Danville, will likewise be
joined, both agencies being worked at the
office of the old Richmond and Danville
near the Pryor street entrance of the Kim-
ball house.

The office now held by Captain J. J.
Griffin will be abandoned.

This change is made for the convenience
of the public and for a complete adver-
tising of the Southern railway system.

The corner office formerly occupied by
the ticket agent of the old East Tennessee
is more desirable for advertising the ad-
vantages of the Southern railway's direct
lines, being more conspicuous than any
other ticket office in the city, and this place
is far more convenient to the tourist.

The same applies with reference to the
freight office of Mr. McCleskey, which has
advantages of location over the office now
held by Mr. Griffin.

No changes were agreed upon as yet, and
will not be for some time to come, perhaps,
with respect to the men in these offices.

Mr. Ed Kirby is retained to work the in-
terests of the western system, and Mr. Ber-
gman is retained to hold down the affairs
of the eastern system—both in the same
office.

In like manner Mr. Griffin, representing
the western system's freight interests, and
Mr. McCleskey, representing the same de-
partment of the eastern system, will do
business in the same office.

It was thought best to make no changes
in the force at present, and as the men
formerly at work for the old East Tennes-
see and the old Richmond and Danville will
be retained.

General Passenger Agent Turk and As-
sistant General Passenger Agents S. H.
Hardwick and C. A. Benscoter, while they
have not definitely decided upon this plan
for the passenger department of the South-
ern having headquarters here, having talked
the plan over and gave it such favorable
consideration as warrants the statement that
the above arrangement will be made with-
out doubt on or about the 1st of September.

Mr. Turk, in company with Mr. Benscoter,
came to the city yesterday morning from
Chattanooga, where they have been at-
tending to similar business along the main
line of the western system of the Southern
railway.

They came to Atlanta to look into the af-
fairs of the company at this end of the
line in this connection.

They were done in the way of
cutting off of the heads of the present
officials of the passenger department here
and this occasioned no little gratification
to the men in this city.

The light in "fair and everybody was
glad to see Tom. He was almost as popu-
lar with the boys as Colonel Atkinson or
Steve Clay and people from all parts of
the state were glad to see those who knew
him to greet him, those who did not to
make his acquaintance.

The handsome convention souvenirs put
out by the Franklin Printing and Pub-
lishing Company and presented to the con-
vention by Colonel George V. Harrison,
state printer and manager of the company,
created much favorable comment. It was
given out in the style characteristic of the
Franklin company, and it is the finest pos-
sible in the same capacity.

There were cuts of the coat of arms of
the state, of the new capital and of the
Franklin's handsome building, and then
there were portraits of the nominees of
the convention and short sketches of their
careers. They were very neat and hand-
some in every respect and the delegates
took them to their homes as souvenirs.

Horace Holden, of Tallapoosa, was a de-
legate who formed many friends among
those who served in the same capacity.
He is one of the cleverest fellows in Geor-
gia and one of the most prominent law-
yers in his section.

Dud Hughes, of Twiggs, was only heard
from once. If he had told some of those
good stories of his, he would have carried
the convention for anything he wanted.

A headquarters for the state executive
committee has been secured in the old
capital building, and the same court room
having been loaned to Chairman Clay by
Mr. Will Venable. It is an excellent place
and will be arranged for the use of the
committee at once.

The way in which the big crowd was
handled by the Kimball house count com-
mittee reflects great credit upon everybody
in authority there. Manager Porter and his
assistant, certainly demonstrated that
Atlanta's great hotel is all that it is claimed
for it. Mr. Porter, who was in active
charge, and Clerks Calloway, Bourne and
Anderson, and Cashiers Carr and Powell,
devoted themselves entirely to the care
and comfort of their guests. A notice of
this kind would not be complete without a
mention of Head Waiter Andrews, whose
management of his department was certainly
excellent.

WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT?
The Race for President of the Senate
Talked About Among Delegates.

There was a great deal of speculation
among the delegates to the state conven-
tion as to the chances of the next legisla-
ture, particularly as to the senate.

Hon. W. H. Venable, who will represent
the thirty-fifth district in the next senate,
was among the delegates from first to last
and he received the very strongest kind of
encouragement in his race. He met with a
number of the senate to be, and found
that his chances of election were exceedingly
bright and promising.

Mr. Venable has many supporters among
the most influential men in the state.
Several other names have been mentioned
in connection with the presidency of the sen-
ate, among them the names of Hon. Charles
C. Brand, of Lawrenceville; Judge Walter
C. Beale, of Griffin, and Hon. Nat. E. Har-
ris, of Macon. Neither of these gentlemen
is an avowed candidate, but Mr. Harris
while here that he had not entered the can-
vass and could not say that he would. He
knew nothing about it except that his name
had been mentioned.

War on acrobats and every form of im-
pure blood is boldly declared by Hood's Bar-
eparilla, the great conqueror of all blood
poisons.

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General Passenger Agent Turk and As-
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Hardwick and C. A. Benscoter, while they
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line of the western system of the Southern
railway.

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line in this connection.

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officials of the passenger department here
and this occasioned no little gratification
to the men in this city.

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Steve Clay and people from all parts of
the state were glad to see those who knew
him to greet him, those who did not to
make his acquaintance.

The handsome convention souvenirs put
out by the Franklin Printing and Pub-
lishing Company and presented to the con-
vention by Colonel George V. Harrison,
state printer and manager of the company,
created much favorable comment. It was
given out in the style characteristic of the
Franklin company, and it is the finest pos-
sible in the same capacity.

There were cuts of the coat of arms of
the state, of the new capital and of the
Franklin's handsome building, and then
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the convention and short sketches of their
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Horace Holden, of Tallapoosa, was a de-
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those who served in the same capacity.
He is one of the cleverest fellows in Geor-
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yers in his section.

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from once. If he had told some of those
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the convention for anything he wanted.

A headquarters for the state executive
committee has been secured in the old
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having been loaned to Chairman Clay by
Mr. Will Venable. It is an excellent place
and will be arranged for the use of the
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The way in which the big crowd was
handled by the Kimball house count com-
mittee reflects great credit upon everybody
in authority there. Manager Porter and his
assistant, certainly demonstrated that
Atlanta's great hotel is all that it is claimed
for it. Mr. Porter, who was in active
charge, and Clerks Calloway, Bourne and
Anderson, and Cashiers Carr and Powell,
devoted themselves entirely to the care
and comfort of their guests. A notice of
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mention of Head Waiter Andrews, whose
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WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT?
The Race for President of the Senate
Talked About Among Delegates.

There was a great deal of speculation
among the delegates to the state conven-
tion as to the chances of the next legisla-
ture, particularly as to the senate.

Hon. W. H. Venable, who will represent
the thirty-fifth district in the next senate,
was among the delegates from first to last
and he received the very strongest kind of
encouragement in his race. He met with a
number of the senate to be, and found
that his chances of election were exceedingly
bright and promising.

Mr. Venable has many supporters among
the most influential men in the state.
Several other names have been mentioned
in connection with the presidency of the sen-
ate, among them the names of Hon. Charles
C. Brand, of Lawrenceville; Judge Walter
C. Beale, of Griffin, and Hon. Nat. E. Har-
ris, of Macon. Neither of these gentlemen
is an avowed candidate, but Mr. Harris
while here that he had not entered the can-
vass and could not say that he would. He
knew nothing about it except that his name
had been mentioned.

War on acrobats and every form of im-
pure blood is boldly declared by Hood's Bar-
eparilla, the great conqueror of all blood
poisons.

SOME CHANGES MADE

Mr. W. A. Turk, General Passenger Agent
of the Southern, Was Here.

FREIGHT AND TICKET OFFICES JOINED

But All of the Men Will Be Retained for
the Present, at Least—Other Rail-
road News of Interest.

The offices of the local freight and ticket
agents of the Southern railway will be con-
solidated in Atlanta.

The consolidation will not take place for
thirty days, but it is about settled that
these offices shall be joined sooner or later.

This is the result of the conference held
by General Passenger Agent W. A. Turk
and Traffic Manager Culp with the local
agents of the company here yesterday.

The office of the ticket agent, C. E.
Bergman, formerly with the Richmond and
Danville, will be joined with the office of
Ed Kirby, formerly city ticket agent of the
East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, on
the corner of the Kimball house fronting
the union passenger depot, and the offices
of Captain John J. Griffin, division freight
agent, formerly with the East Tennessee,
and L. L. McCleskey, formerly agent of the
Richmond and Danville, will likewise be
joined, both agencies being worked at the
office of the old Richmond and Danville
near the Pryor street entrance of the Kim-
ball house.

The office now held by Captain J. J.
Griffin will be abandoned.

This change is made for the convenience
of the public and for a complete adver-
tising of the Southern railway system.

The corner office formerly occupied by
the ticket agent of the old East Tennessee
is more desirable for advertising the ad-
vantages of the Southern railway's direct
lines, being more conspicuous than any
other ticket office in the city, and this place
is far more convenient to the tourist.

The same applies with reference to the
freight office of Mr. McCleskey, which has
advantages of location over the office now
held by Mr. Griffin.

No changes were agreed upon as yet, and
will not be for some time to come, perhaps,
with respect to the men in these offices.

Mr. Ed Kirby is retained to work the in-
terests of the western system, and Mr. Ber-
gman is retained to hold down the affairs
of the eastern system—both in the same
office.

In like manner Mr. Griffin, representing
the western system's freight interests, and
Mr. McCleskey, representing the same de-
partment of the eastern system, will do
business in the same office.

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in the force at present, and as the men
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Hon. W. H. Venable, who

How the Watch Stopped.

A lady about to boil an egg for her husband's breakfast asked the loan of his watch to time the boiling.

"Your watch has stopped," she cried; "the egg is on, and I can't tell how long it ought to remain in the kettle."

The husband hastened to the stove and was horror-struck to find that the good woman had dropped his elegant gold watch into the kettle, holding the egg to her ear.

Of course the watch had to be put into the jeweler's hands to have the water taken out and be put in order. J. P. Stevens & Son, 47 Whitehall street, Atlanta, Ga., were fully equal to the emergency and the watch made as good as new. By the way, this firm employs only skilled workmen, and your watch will always be safe in their hands. They pay examination charges on work sent them for examination.



The best
Dollar a quart
Whisky

BLUTHENTHAL
& BICKART

B. & B. Marietta and
Forsyth Sts.

Hello! No. 378.
Other Fine Whiskies.

FRANK M. POTTS,
HENRY POTTS,
JOSEPH THOMPSON.

Potts-Thompson
Liquor Co.

Will sell California Sherries,
Clarets, Sauternes
and Rhine Wines very
cheap till first of Sep-
tember.

Give us a trial.

7, 9, 11, 13 Kimball House,
Decatur St., Atlanta, Ga.

Telephone 48.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits
cured at home. Book of par-
ticulars sent FREE.
B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D.,
Atlanta, Ga., Office 104 1/2 Whitehall St.

DR. W. W. BOWES, SPECIALIST.

Hydrocele,
Varicocele,
Stricture,
Nervous Debility
Kidney and Liv-
er,
Bladder Disease,
Impotence,
Spermatorrhea,
Enlarged Pro-
state Glands,
Skin Diseases,

Bleed, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Pim-
ples, Dyspepsia,
Facial Blemishes, Moles, Hemor-
roids or Piles, Rectal Ulcers,
Fistula.

Consultation at office or by mail free.
Book and questions for 4 cents in stamp.
DR. W. W. BOWES, 154 1/2 Marietta St.,
(Over Snook & Co's Furniture Store).



A. K. HAWKES,
Manufacturing Optician

The only optical plant run by electric
motor power in the state. All the latest in-
ventions for testing eyesight; established
twenty-three years. Headquarters for the
United States, 12 Whitehall street.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

While we have been appointed resident
managers of the American Employers' Li-
ability Insurance Company, we will continue
our
Fire, Surety Bond and Credit Guarantee
business, and our policy holders can feel
that their interests will receive the same
careful attention in the future that they
have in the past. We have removed our
office to 623 Equitable building.
aug 2-71 DOUGLASS & DOWLING.

SAVE MONEY

Watches, Diamonds, Spectacles and Jew-
elry by buying from

S. MAIER & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Jewelers,
10 Peachtree Street.

Watches and jewelry repaired. Spectacles
fitted.

MONEY TO BE RAISED.

Every Church is Called Upon to Help
the Grady Hospital

ONE SABBATH IN EACH YEAR

Several Committees Appointed—An Effort
to Raise the Membership to One Thou-
sand—The Association is Growing.

A collection for the benefit of the Grady hospital will be taken up, at least once each year, by all the denominations in the city.

This was decided at the meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, which was held in the lecture room of the Young Men's Christian Association yesterday morning. The benevolent object for which the collection is asked from the different churches is such that no hesitation can properly be made in these churches from coming to the rescue of the ladies in such an enterprise of charity.

Charity and good work, especially in making provision for the sick, the common ground upon which all denominations can stand and work together for the honor of God as well as for the uplifting of humanity.

No action has been taken in the matter by any of the churches of the city, but their acquiescence is presupposed by their willingness to aid in whatever seeks to bring about a deeper and stronger religious feeling; and charity lies at the root of all religion.

The meeting was called to order yesterday morning by the president of the association, Mrs. S. M. Inman. The duties of secretary were performed by Mrs. Albert Thornton, who was recently elected to that position.

A large attendance was present, the lecture room of the association being entirely filled. It is quite evident to all who have attended the meetings that popular interest in the association is growing from day to day.

At the meeting yesterday it was decided to divide the city into districts and to have each lady present responsible for a certain division of territory. In this way it is hoped that every lady who is interested in charity work will be reached and that the membership of the association by this plan will be increased to at least a thousand.

The following committee was appointed by Mrs. Inman yesterday to look after the Sunday collection for the benefit of the hospital:

Mrs. W. T. Newman, chairman, First Presbyterian Church; Mrs. A. D. Adair, Second Baptist; Mrs. C. K. Nelson, Episcopalian; Mrs. Fanny Anderson, Central Presbyterian; Mrs. J. F. Alexander, First Methodist; Mrs. L. B. Nelson, Congregational; Mrs. H. C. Calhoun, First Baptist; Mrs. E. P. Chamberlin, Trinity Methodist; Mrs. W. L. Peel, Mrs. Albert Howell, Jr., Mrs. Governor R. B. Bullock and Mrs. W. Rhode Hill.

A similar committee was appointed to look after a Saturday collection. A special day is to be named at which time a number of money boxes are to be located in the various parts of the city. The members of this committee are:

Mrs. W. D. Grant, Mrs. J. W. Tucker, Mrs. W. G. Raoul, Mrs. E. A. Werner, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. E. Van Winkle and Mrs. Joel Hurt.

A thanksgiving day committee was also appointed to look after the raising of funds and to provide for a special observance of that day. On this committee Mrs. Inman appointed Mrs. A. B. Steele, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Judge Higby, Mrs. George Hilkey, Mrs. P. F. Rice, Mrs. O. F. Simpson and Mrs. G. A. Howell.

On raising funds for Christmas, Mrs. E. C. Peters, Mrs. Joseph Kingsbury, Mrs. Albert Cox, Mrs. J. S. Thompson, Mrs. E. W. Marsh, Mrs. W. R. Hammond and Mrs. W. B. Lowe.

The financial committee is composed of Mrs. John Keely, chairman; Mrs. L. J. Lowry, Mrs. J. Hirsch and Mrs. N. J. Black.

The ladies will hold their next meeting on the first Friday in September. They intend to carry out their plans and to extend the workings of the Grady hospital until it takes its place among the leading institutions of its kind in the country.

FROM ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH.
The funeral of Mr. Quintard Peters will occur this morning.

The funeral of Mr. Quintard Peters will occur from St. Philip's church this morning at 10 o'clock.

Rev. Albin W. Knight, assisted by Bishop Quintard, will conduct the ceremony, after the impressive manner of the Episcopal church, and the following gentlemen will act as pallbearers: Messrs. St. Julian Ravenel, Joseph T. Orme, W. M. Dickinson, Peter Grant, P. C. Black, William H. Inman, Thomas C. Erwin and Charles W. Crankshaw.

At a meeting of the Sons of the Revolution, which was held at room 104, Kimball house, yesterday morning, resolutions of respect were passed in honor of Mr. Peters, and a resolution was also adopted calling upon the members of the association to attend the funeral in a body.

The interment will occur in Oakland cemetery.

Rockies and Beyond.
The Union Pacific railway have a very complete illustrated publication 175 pages, including 65 full page cuts depicting the leading points of interest in and beyond the Rocky mountain region. Free on application or mailed to any address on receipt of six cents in stamps by James F. Agler, general agent Union Pacific railway, 233 North Fourth street, St. Louis, Aug 2-2m e o d.

The genuine ANGIOTON BITTERS, made and bottled by Dr. J. C. Siegel & Sons, imparts a delicious flavor to cold drinks, and prevents all summer diseases.

Saturday night hop at Sweetwater Park hotel, fri, sat.

TO LITTLE ROCK, ARK.
Low Round Trip Rates Via Georgia Pacific.
On August 19th and 20th the Georgia Pacific will sell round trip tickets to Little Rock, Ark., at low rates. Tickets good to return until August 26, 1894. The Sanford train will only through Pullman car line from Atlanta to Memphis and the direct route to Little Rock. Write card.

A. A. VERNON, Passenger Agent, No. 10 Kimball house, Atlanta, Ga. aug 2-1w.

Saturday night hop at Sweetwater Park hotel, fri, sat.

Excursion Rates to Washington, D. C.
August 23d and 24th the Southern Railway (Piedmont Air-Line) will sell round trip tickets to Washington, D. C., for the occasion of the National Pythian convocation at one fare for the round trip. Tickets from Atlanta will be \$12.50. Round trip tickets will be good returning until September 1, 1894. The Southern Railway is the only double daily through direct route. Solid Pullman trains with dining cars. Fast mail trains will Pullman sleepers and elegant day coaches. Tickets are sold at all agents' offices. If tickets are deposited with joint agent at Washington on or before September 8th, they will be made good until September 15th, returning. For particulars apply to

C. E. SERGEANT, Ticket Agent, 10 Kimball house, Atlanta, Ga. aug 2-1w.

A. A. VERNON, Passenger Agent, No. 10 Kimball house, Atlanta, Ga. aug 2-1w.

Water Cure Sanitarium, 10 Kimball house, Atlanta, Ga. to receive and treat all invalids. Send postage stamp for circular.

DR. J. M. ARMSTRONG, Proprietor, 10 Kimball house, Atlanta, Ga. aug 2-1w.

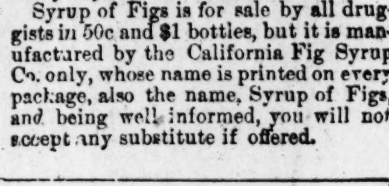


KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy of **Fig Syrup**.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste; the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is sold by all drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, **Syrup of Figs**, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



Manufacturers and Dealers in

EVERYTHING OPTICAL.

Leaders in grinding oculists' prescription lenses. Kellam & Moore, scientific opticians, 54 Marietta street, opposite post-office.

At a good restaurant

you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF BEEF,

as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your own kitchen?

Miss Maria Parloa

tells you how.

100 of her receipts sent postpaid by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Hotel Aragon,

ATLANTA, GA.

American and European Plans.

Finest and best conducted hotel palace in the south. Highest and coolest location in the city. 3 1/2 blocks from Union depot, on Peachtree street. No extra lift or climb. Perfect cuisine and service. Roof garden open during summer, with orchestral and vocal music. Electric cars pass the door for all parts of the city. Free bus meets all trains. Special rates given by the week or month during the summer.

RATES.
From June 1st to October 1st, American plan, \$2.50 to \$4.50; European plan, \$4.00 to \$6.00.

Trust Company of Georgia

Equitable building, has separate vaults for the safe deposit of plates, paintings, bronzes and other valuables.

Bonds or other securities received for safe keeping under guarantee. The company assuming absolute liability for their redelivery.

Safes are rented in the safe-deposit vaults by the year or for a shorter period. All charges moderate. Vaults open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Point Hotel,

Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

2,200 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

1,700 FEET ABOVE CHATTANOOGA.

GRANDEST SCENERY AND CLIMATE.

The Point Hotel is a first-class hotel, with 1,700 feet above Chattanooga, 1,700 feet above the sea, and 1,700 feet above the clouds.

Lighted by gas, supplied by pure mountain spring water and soft water bath.

Sanitary system perfect. Rooms light and airy. Cuisine should be satisfactory.

Boulevard to Rock City, Lullah Lake and Falls. Good livery and telephone.

St. Louis, Mo. Tel. 100. For terms, etc., address

CHAS. E. ELLIOTT,

July 17-e o d

15 to 20 degrees cooler than New York and only three and one-half hours distant.

Catskill Mountain House,

Catskill, N. Y. Rates, \$17.50 to \$21 per week, \$3 to \$4 per day.

THE CLIFF HOUSE

Tallahassee, Fla.

The grandest scenery, the finest climate, the best accommodations. Rates for August \$2 to \$10 per week. The Sanford orchestra furnish the music. For particulars address J. C. S. Timberlake, Tallahassee, Fla. aug 2-2w

ADAMS HOUSE, NEW YORK

NEW FIRE-PROOF HOTEL.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

(50 cents per day and upward)

JOHN AVE., Near 14th St.

JOHN GLASS, JR., J. C. ANDREWS,

July 3-m eod.

COMPRESS FOR LEASE.

I will receive bids for a lease of the Newman compress property until August 4, 1894.

For information call on Calhoun, King & Spalding, or Hilkey, Alexander & Lambdin, Atlanta, Ga., or address

L. S. ROAN, Receiver,

August 4, Fairburn, Ga.

Delegates

Democratic Convention.

Conservatism in advertising statement, the avoidance of all that is sensational, is a powerful element in holding popular faith in our daily store news. Confidence grows slowly. When secured it is priceless. We propose to maintain the position that has been won by a long and laborious career as a treasure to be guarded carefully. Hence, the constant watch on our Clothing, our Prices, our Advertising.

Cash-Neel Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Misses Cheyney,

331 Courtland street.

School opens September 3, 1894. Applications received at the school after August 1st.

Salem Female Academy.

The ninety-third annual session begins September 4, 1894. Register for last year, 345. Special features—the development of Health, Character and Intellect. Buildings thoroughly remodeled. Fully equipped preparatory, collegiate and post-graduate departments, besides first-class schools in music, art, languages, commercial and industrial studies.

J. H. CLEWELL, Principal, July 31

Southern Baptist College

FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

MANCHESTER, ATLANTA, GA.

Opens September 12th, 1894.

Magnificent buildings, location central, accessible from all parts of the south, healthfulness unsurpassed. Professor George C. Looney, Mrs. C. D. Crawford, principals, assisted by teachers from famous European and American institutions.

Mrs. Sallie Cox Stanton and Miss Alice Cox, directors of music. The boarding pupils, under special care of Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Sallie Cox Stanton, will receive a liberal education. For particulars, etc., apply to W. L. Stanton, business manager, J. B. HAWTHORNE, D.D., President.

Hunter's School for Boys,

COLLEGE PREPARATORY.

705 North Broad, Atlanta, Ga. December 22d.

Hours 8:30 to 1:30.

Special classes afternoon and evening, Aug. 3-2m.

Conservatory of Music and Art, D. C. COLLEGE.

350 S. PULASKI.

Bookkeeping, shorthand, stenography, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Hindustani, Malay, and all other languages.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY, Colonel J. J. Wright, B. S., A. M., Cornwall, N. Y. July 24-60t

Wesleyan Female College,

Macon, Ga.

1. Faculty, full.

2. Building, great and commodious.

3. Situation, one of beauty and sublimity.

4. Health record, remarkable.

5. Mrs. J. B. Cobb, lady principal.

"Here I believe we have the best opportunity to do something worthy for the highest education of woman"—Bishop A. G. Haygood, Oxford, Ga., July 19, 1894. Opens September 19, '94. For terms, etc., address

REV. E. H. ROWE, President.

Former Principal Seminary for Young Ladies, Virginia. July 24-1m

Norfolk College

For Young Men and Women.

Largest and best equipped college in eastern Virginia. 23 TEACHERS.

Healthy sea breeze. Near Old Point Comfort; beautiful home, \$90,000 buildings; steam heat, gas, etc.

Music, Art, Elocution, Stenography. Highest course of study in the state. Expenses very low. Send for catalogue. Pupils wishing to pay own expenses write J. A. I.

Mrs. J. B. Cobb, lady principal, Norfolk, Va. July 14-2m sat wed

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY,

Nashville, Tenn. Next session Sept. 18th.

Small course of study. Freshmen and college graduates. Seven Departments. Send for catalogue.

ST. JOHN'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Careful supervision of health and habits. Regular instruction in English, Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and all other languages. Pupils drill under an army officer. Thorough preparation for college, the naval academy or business. For catalogue, address

JAMES W. CAIN, A. B. July 15-wed sat

122 and 124 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.

EDGEWORTH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

For young ladies will reopen Wednesday, September 26th, 1894.

MRS. H. P. LEBEVRE, Principal. July 14-1m wed, sat.

HOLLINS INSTITUTE

FOUR MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

For Young Ladies. The largest and most extensively equipped in Virginia. Excellent courses in Ancient and Modern Languages, Literature, Science, Music, Art and Elocution. 30 officers and teachers. Send for catalogue. Address

OLAS. L. LOCKE, Supt., Hollins, Va. July 14-1m sat wed mon.

MRS. PRATHER'S HOME SCHOOL

at 222 and 228 West Peachtree street, between Linden and North avenue, resumes its exercises on September 3, 1894.

The kindergarten, primary, intermediate collegiate, music, elocution and art departments are conducted by twelve teachers of ability and experience. The patronage is from some of the best families of the city. The rates for board and tuition are very reasonable. Catalogues on application.

aug 1-1m

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WASHINGTON SEMINARY,

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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

And His Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Hear There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

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PART VIII.

Brother Terrapin's Fiddle String.

Mr. Rabbit moved his body uneasily about and scratched his head and crossed and uncrossed his legs several times before he began:

"I declare it isn't right!" he exclaimed after awhile. "I don't mind telling about other folks, but when it comes to talking about myself, it is a different thing."

"Don't you remember the time you tried to get Brother Terrapin to give you a fiddle string?" asked Mrs. Meadows, laughing a little.

"Oh, that was just a joke," replied Mr. Rabbit.

"Call it a joke then," said Mrs. Meadows. "You know what the little boy said when the man asked him his name. He said, says he, 'You may call it anything, so you call me to dinner.'"

"He wasn't very polite," remarked Sweetest Susan.

"No, indeed," Mrs. Meadows answered; "but you know that little boys can't always remember to be polite."

"I think we were at your house," suggested Mr. Rabbit, rubbing his chin.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Meadows. "In the little house by the creek. The yard sloped from the front door right to the bank."

"To be sure," exclaimed Mr. Rabbit, brightening up. "I remember the house just as well as if I had seen it yesterday. There was a little shelf in the left hand side of the door as you came out, and there the water bucket set."

"Yes," said Mrs. Meadows, "and there was just room enough up there by the bucket for Brother Terrapin."

"That's so," Mr. Rabbit replied, laughing, "and when he used to go to your house to see the girls they'd set the bucket on the table in the house and lift Brother Terrapin to the shelf so he could see and be seen. I remember it used to make him very mad when I'd tell him he would be a mighty run if he wasn't so fat-footed."

"Oh, you used to talk worse than that," cried Mrs. Meadows, laughing heartily at the remembrance of it. "You used to tell him he was the only man you ever saw that sat down when he stood up. I declare! Brother Terrapin's eyes used to get right red."

"Yes," said Mr. Rabbit, after a pause, "I remember I went to your house one day and carried my fiddle. When I got there who should I see but old Brother Terrapin sitting up on the shelf. I expected to find girls by themselves, but there was Brother Terrapin. So I began to joke him."

"Howdy, Brother Terrapin?" says I. "If I had a ladder handy you could come down stairs and shake hands, couldn't you?"

"He began to get sullen and sulky at once. He wouldn't hardly make any reply. But I didn't care for that. Says I: 'Cross your legs and look comfortable, Brother Terrapin; don't be glum in company. I've got my fiddle with me and I'm going to make your bones ache if you don't dance.'"

"Then I whirled in," said Mr. Rabbit, "and played the liveliest tunes I could think of—'Billy in the Low Grounds,' 'Possum Up the Gum Stump,' 'Chicken in the Bread Tray,' and all those hopper-skipper, jiggy-dancery tunes that make your feet go whether or no. But there Brother Terrapin sat, looking as unconcerned as if the fiddle had been ten miles away. He didn't even keep time to the music with his foot. More than that, he didn't even wag his head from side to side."

"I always knew Brother Terrapin had no ear for music," remarked Mrs. Meadows. "If that was a fault, he certainly had more than his share of it."

"I ought not to talk about people behind their backs," Mr. Rabbit continued, trying to shake a fly out of his ear, "but I must say that Brother Terrapin was very dull about some things. Well, I played and played, and the girls danced and seemed to enjoy it. I believe you danced a round or two yourself?" Mr. Rabbit turned to Mrs. Meadows inquiringly.

"I expect I shook my foot a little," said Mrs. Meadows with a sigh. "I was none too good."

"They danced and danced until they were tired of dancing," Mr. Rabbit resumed, "but there sat Brother Terrapin as quiet as if he were asleep. Well, I was vexed—I don't mind saying so now—I was certainly vexed. But I didn't let on. And between times I did my best to worry Brother Terrapin."

"Ladies," says I, "don't make so much fuss. Let Brother Terrapin get his nap out. You'll turn a chair over directly, and Brother Terrapin will give a jump and fall off the shelf and break some of the furniture in his house." This made the girls laugh very much, for they remembered the old saying that Brother Terrapin carries his house on his back. "Don't laugh so loud," says I, Brother Terrapin has earned his rest. He's been courting on the other side of the creek, and he has no carriage to ride in when he goes back and forth. S-h-h!" says I, "don't disturb him. When a person sits down when he stands up, and lies down when he walks, some allowance must be made."

"Brother Terrapin's eyes grew redder and redder, and the skin on the back of his head began to work backward and forward. What might have happened I don't know, but just as the girls were in the middle of a dance one of my fiddle strings broke, and it was the treble, too. I wouldn't have minded it if it had been any of the other

strings, but when the treble broke I had to stop playing.

"Well, the girls were very much disappointed and so was I, for I had come for a frolic. I searched in my pockets, but I had no other string. I tried to play with three strings, but the tune wouldn't come. The girls were so sorry they didn't know what to do.

"Just then an idea struck me. 'Ladies,' says I, 'it's a thousand pities I didn't bring an extra treble, and I'm perfectly willing to go home and fetch one, but if Brother Terrapin was a little more accommodating the music could go right on. You could be dancing again in a little or no time.'

"Oh, is that so?" says the girls. "Well, we know Brother Terrapin will oblige us."

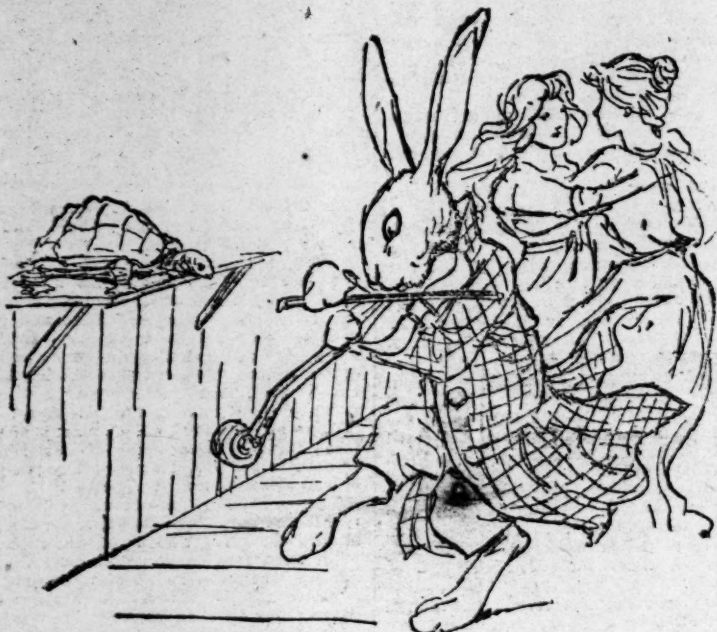
"I'm not so sure of that," says I.

"What do you want me to do?" says he. His voice sounded as if he had the croup.

"Ladies," says I, "you may believe it or not, but if Brother Terrapin has a mind to he can lend me a treble string that will just fit my fiddle."

"Brother Rabbit," says he, "you know I have no fiddle string. What would I be doing with one?"

"Don't mind him, ladies. He knows just as well as I do that he has a fiddle string



Played the Liveliest Tunes I Could Think of.

in his neck. I can take my pocketknife and get it out in half a minute," says I.

"This made Brother Terrapin roll his eyes.

"Be ashamed of yourself, Brother Terrapin," says the girls. "And we were having so much fun, too."

"If my neck was as long and I as tough as Brother Terrapin, I'd take one of the leaders out and make a fiddle string of it, just to oblige the ladies," says I.

"The girls turned up their noses and tossed their heads. 'Don't pester Brother Terrapin,' says they. 'We'll not ask him any more.'"

"Ladies," says I, "there is a way to get the fiddle string without asking for it. Will you please hand me a caseknife out of the cupboard there?"

"I rose from my chair with a sort of a frown," continued Mr. Rabbit, laughing heartily, "but before I could lift my hand Brother Terrapin rolled from the shelf and went tumbling down the slope to the creek heels over head."

"Did it hurt him much?" asked Sweetest Susan, with a touch of sympathy.

"It didn't stop his tongue," replied Mr. Rabbit. "He crawled out on the other side of the creek and said very bad words. He even went so far as to call me out of my name. But it is all over with now," said Mr. Rabbit, with a sigh. "I bear no grudges. Let bygones be bygones."

"I never heard before that Brother Terrapin had a fiddle string in his neck," said Buster John, after he had thought the matter over a little.

"In dem times," said Drusilla, as if to satisfy her own mind, "you couldn't tell what nobody had, skacely."

"Why, as to that," replied Mr. Rabbit, "the fiddle string in his neck was news to Brother Terrapin."

There was a pause here and the children seemed to be somewhat listless.

"I'll tell you what I think," remarked Mrs. Meadows to Mr. Rabbit; "these children here are lonesome, and they'll be getting homesick long before the time comes for them to go. Oh, don't tell me!" she cried, when the children would have protested. "I know how I'd feel if I was away from home in a strange country and had nobody but queer people to talk to. We are too old. Even Chickamy Crany Crow and Tickle-My-Toes are too old, and Mr. Thimblefinger is too little."

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" asked Mr. Rabbit, running his thumb in the bowl of his pipe.

"I was just thinking," responded Mrs.

Meadows. "Hain't we better bring out the Lookingglass Family?"

"Well," said Mr. Rabbit, "I leave that to you." To hide the smile that gathered around his mouth, Mr. Rabbit leaned his head over and scratched his left ear lazily with his left foot.

"That's what I'll do," Mrs. Meadows declared decisively. "These children want company they can appreciate, poor things!" She went into the house, and presently came out again, bringing a mirror about three feet wide and five feet high.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE GIRL'S CAMERA.

What She Did with It and What Some Others Might Do.

She was the loveliest little figure, wandering about the big hotel galleries or sitting by herself on the sand, very neatly but plainly dressed, and just fourteen years old, she told me. When we became more or less friendly, for I used to ask her to come sit under my big beach umbrella, she explained she had come to the seaside for her health, which any one could plainly see, and that she came alone, because to pay her board and traveling expenses was all a hard-working, self-sacrificing mother and elder sister could manage.

It weighed on her tender conscience that she could do nothing to help them bear the burden of her summer's outing, that the doctor had said was so necessary, and we talked it over often under my beach umbrella, until she made a great discovery. She had been given by her kind-hearted doctor a little eight-dollar snap-shot camera.

her a great deal of patience and some money, but she sold nearly a dozen of them for \$4 apiece, and the result was another \$25 profit. When, at last, she bade us farewell and packed up her little camera it was a rosy, happy face that turned homeward again. By her own exertions she had paid her board nearly the whole of her eight weeks' stay and had helped with the big bills at home. The picture taking had kept her out of doors every fair day; in search of pretty nooks and subjects, wild flowers and novel scenes she had taken many long walks, and ever busy and interested with her camera she grew as well and strong as she had ever been.

"I shall be a professional photographer when I grow up," she solemnly assured me, patting her well-worn little camera with loving hands, "and I wish I could tell some other girls who want to make a little money, how I made mine, for I think photography is just the sort of work that would suit girls, don't you?"

The Bite of a Snake.

A writer in St. Nicholas gives an interesting account of the bite of a snake.

The heads of most of the venomous snakes, including the "rattlers," bulge just beyond the neck. Without exception they have fangs, either always secret, or raised and laid back at will. These fangs are long, sharp-pointed teeth, with a hollow groove running their entire length. At the root of each fang is a little bag of poison. When the snake bites, the motion presses the poison-sac, and its contents flow through the hollow in the tooth into the puncture or wound. The harmless little forked tongue is often spoken of by the uninitiated as the snake's "stinger." Now there is no propriety in the name, as the poisonous snakes do not sting, but bite, their victims. There is no creature, even if brought from foreign countries, where "rattlers" do not exist, but will halt and tremble at the first warning sound of the rattle.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, with others, has been making experiments with the venom of different serpents. He has found that, aside from its poisonous qualities, it contains living germs, which have the power of increasing enormously fast. So you see, when an animal is bitten, these tiny bits of life, entering with the poison, cause harmful action to begin at once. Dr. Mitchell has found that the nervous center controlling the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if he cut off a snake's head, and then pinched his tail, the stump of its neck turned back, and would have struck his hand had he been bold enough to hold it still.

The Grenadier's Retort.

Among the stories which have come to light since the recent revival in France of general interest in Napoleon Bonaparte is this one.

When the czar, Alexander I, met the Emperor Napoleon at Erfurt, they walked arm in arm together one beautiful morning up and down one of the alleys of the park. They and their armies had been in conflict more than once, but were now friends. At the foot of a flight of steps leading from a terrace stood an old French grenadier on guard. As the two emperors walked up and down, dividing the world between them, the old grenadier saluted, but his stern face was as expressionless as a wall.

However, both emperors noted upon this old soldier's face something which interested them—a great white scar, which extended from the forehead well down upon the cheek.

Napoleon paused a moment, smiling proudly, as he looked at the grenadier's scar, then he shook his head significantly.

"What do you think, my brother," he said to the czar, "of soldiers who carry in new battles such wounds as that?"

"And you, my brother, answered Alexander, smiling in his turn, "what do you think of soldiers who can give such wounds?"

Then a voice came as if from the air: "They are all dead—those fellows."

It was the grenadier, who without in the least disturbing the bronze immobility of his face, or wavering the slightest in his statue-like salute, had vindicated his record as a warrior with this remark.

The czar smiled modestly. "Here, as everywhere else, the victory is yours," he said to Napoleon.

"And here, as everywhere else, it is my grenadiers who give it to me," said the French emperor.

Then the two potentates marched on, leaving the grenadier's scarred face as impassive as ever.

A Dealer in Lions.

A French paper publishes an interesting account of Karl Hagenbeck, the famous German "lion merchant," and of his business. His father was a dealer in fish, but at an early age Karl took to the sea, made long voyages, lost fortunes as rapidly as he made them, then became a lion tamer and showman ultimately establishing the celebrated Thierpark at Hamburg, which supplies animals more or less wild to nearly all the zoological gardens and menageries in Europe.

Hagenbeck sells nearly every year seven or eight hundred lions, nearly as many tigers, three or four hundred elephants, several hundred panthers, crocodiles and serpents. He himself trains the wild beasts sent out for show, and is the first to take them in hand when they reach Europe.

The most expensive animals are the elephants, especially when very large, a fine specimen like the late lamented Jumbo fetching \$15,000 or \$20,000. A female hippopotamus, six years of age, is worth about \$1,500, a rhinoceros \$3,000, an Indian tapir \$1,000; lions, according to their age and beauty, fetch from \$200 to \$500, some being of comparatively little value.

A fine tiger is not worth more than \$500, a black panther \$300, a leopard \$200, a white bear \$200 and a lion \$100.

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Letters and Communications Intended
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Constitution, Jr.

Atlanta, Ga., August 4, 1894.

The Land We Live In.

The following article about our native land appeared in a recent number of Golden Days. It is by Mr. N. S. Stowell, and has so many good points strongly presented in it that it will be read with profit by all young patriots:

"We are so accustomed," writes Mr. Stowell, "to take things for granted, and so in the habit of accepting our pleasures and giving them no further thought beyond the enjoyment of them, that we often fail to realize what a glorious country we live in, and how many privileges and pleasures are at our hand ready-made, and without any of our own assistance or effort.

"There is not on the broad domain of earth any such country as our own United States, and whoever fails to keep up to concert pitch the American spirit is guilty of an unpardonable remissness. To fully realize what we are and what we have, one should take a journey around the world. Not long since a party of tourists agreed with a certain agency to be taken abroad. They paid for everything in advance the highest class, and not being familiar with old world customs, thought they were going to get satisfactory accommodations. When they reached foreign shores they were put upon trains and taken to hotels that filled them with amazement. Protest against their quarters and the reminder that they were to have first-class provision was met with the assurance that they were getting the best the country afforded, and if that did not satisfy them, they would have to look out for themselves. Indeed, many of these American tourists objected to traveling by means patronized by wealthy residents of the country, and the rolling stock and accommodations usually reserved for royalty were pressed into service. These complainers returned to their native climes with a much better opinion of American institutions than they had previously entertained.

"They had no idea that such difference could exist until they had experienced the discomforts of foreign management and were forced to put up with what wealthy people abroad seem to consider quite good enough.

"It would be a good thing if a great many of the malcontents and grumblers of this prosperous land could be dropped down in the midst of what foreigners consider the comforts of life. Here the poor man can pay his fare and step out to the railroad train with the assurance that he is faring better than many of the officials and members of the nobility abroad. He gets everything he needs, every privilege that a generous and interested government can secure for him.

"It would be well for coming generations if patriotism could be generally taught in the public schools. Indeed, it would seem to be no more than the duty of parents to teach their children to whom they are under obligations for their education. The public school system is directly provided by the government in order to give the young of all classes and conditions the very best possible instruction. How wise, then, that these pupils should understand the source from which these benefits spring. We are getting clear-headed as time goes on, and some day we may learn to value as we should our stars and stripes and what they represent. We might, to advantage, have two or three Fourth of July's a year, with appropriate ceremonies and services. We ought to have an education day and a patriot's day. Every community should set apart some little time for consideration of the blessings, benefits and beauties of a government that hasn't an equal under the sun.

"To be sure, there are more or less flaws in our theories and practices, otherwise it would not be the work of human hands, but in the main, this star-and-stripes-shaded soil, with its progressive and glorious institutions, ought to be dearer to our hearts than everything else in the world. To be loyal at heart, ready of hand and enthusiastic of spirit, ever on the alert to serve our country, and ever mindful of what it cost to bring it to such perfection, is the duty, as it should be the privilege, of every native-born son and daughter of the land."

A Bottomless Lake in Sweden.

In Thomas Nashe's "Terrors of the Night" (published in 1594) he says that Lake Wetter, Sweden, is bottomless. He also tells other peculiar things respecting it. "Over it no fowl flies but is frozen to death, nor anle mann pass but is nummed like a statue of marble. Awle ye inhabitants around about it are deafened with ye hideous roar of its waters when out of its midst as out of Mont Gibell, a sulphurous stinking smook issues that well nill poisonys ye whole cuntry about."

Felt Uncomfortable.

"Mr. Pednash," said the fair young creature, "it is plainly evident to me that you are greatly agitated over something this evening. Will you not," she added, earnestly, "disclose to me the secret of this strange, mysterious influence which seems to be upon you?" "Since you ask me," answered the young man, "I will tell you."

OLD THAD'S STRATAGEM.

Thad Bainbridge, or "Old Thad," as he was known far and wide throughout northwestern Minnesota, left his New England home at an early age, and emigrated to the beautiful lakes and rivers of what has since been well named the park region of Minnesota. Tall, raw-boned, spewy and capable of enduring as much privation as any Indian, he hunted and trapped wherever he found game and fur most abundant, in defiance of the savages who claimed that country for their own.

Years later, when settlers had driven away the Indians, as well as most of the game, Old Thad, too much in love with the locality to follow the Indians and the game, built a snug cabin upon the edge of a wide stretch of timber and meadow land where a deep, clear stream emptied into a lake of considerable size, and settled down to adapt himself to the new order of things.

He could never make up his mind to become a farmer, but spent his time in hunting and trapping, as he had always done. A good neighbor he was. Whenever he returned from a successful hunt, a saddle of venison or bear meat was pretty sure to find its way to our house on the banks of the lake, in return for the hams and bacon which my father sometimes sent him.

My father was no hunter, but when I became old enough to handle a rifle he often allowed me to accompany Old Thad on his expeditions. I went almost wild with joy whenever I was granted a holiday of this sort. Old Thad was a jolly companion, and one of the best story-tellers that I ever knew.

We had no end of sport, and met with many exciting adventures both on land and water, but my greatest delight was to sit by our camp fire at night and listen to the old mah as he recounted his early adventures among the Indians.

His tales of hand-to-hand encounters, of cunning strategy, of hair-breadth escapes, all told in a manner that convinced me of their truthfulness, would fill a large volume if duly reported.

Coming down the Otter Tail late one autumn day after a successful deer hunt, we landed to portage or carry our canoe and its heavy load down past one of the numerous rapids for which that river is noted. At the foot of the rapids we embarked once more to paddle down to a good camping place a short distance below.

"How'd you like to shoot them rapids, with a load of furs and traps aboard?" asked my companion, as we took up our paddles.

"I should want to say goodbye to my friends before I tried it," I replied.

"I wouldn't care to try it again myself, but I did it once," said Thad. "It was a groundhog case, though, I tell you, for I just had to do it or lose my scalp. But I made the biggest haul of fur that night down in these woods that I ever made in my life. Tell you all about it when we get into camp."

"You see," he began, when we sat down to a supper of fried venison, hardtack and coffee, with our feet to the fire, while the bark canoe, turned upon its side, protected our backs from the sharp west wind; "you see I'd been trappin' all the fall up above here, and caught the prettiest lot of fur you ever set eyes on. All this country belonged to the Mandan Sioux then. It was just about as much as a man's life was worth to let them Indians catch him in these parts.

"I hadn't seen the first red during all the time that I'd been trapping that fall, and I made up my mind that they'd all gone further west for their regular fall buffalo hunt. So I was paddling along as careless as you please late one evening, about a mile above the rapids, where that big creek puts in from the east.

"Well, I took a good look up the creek as I always did up every stream when paddling in hostile country, and what did I see come poking round a bend but the nose of a pair of big canoes.

"I know'd too well what was in 'em, and I didn't stop to get a good look at the crews, but just dug my paddle into the water, and tried to get past the mouth of that creek and out of sight.

"I heard the Indians give a yell just as I swept past the mouth. The next second, crack went a couple of rifles. The bullets came cross lots through the tall grass, and went whistling over my head. Then I knew I was in for it.

"I saw 'twasn't but a little way to the rapids, and quick as a flash I made up my mind what to do. You can bet that old birch bark darted down stream for the next mile!

"The reds yelled like maniacs when they came out in the river and could see me paddling away from 'em. I could see there were four of them, two in each canoe. They couldn't be loaded much heavier'n I was, and they could catch me anyway by running ashore and takin' it afoot, but I knew they'd stick to the water as long as I didn't land.

"I tell you, if you ever get a parcel o' reds after you, just do something that'll make their black eyes pop out of their heads—something startling, you know. They're chock full of superstition, and born cowards, every one, when anything unnatural is concerned.

"When they see a fellow do something that they've no idea any human being would dare to attempt, it just strikes their weak spot every time.

"If they don't come to the conclusion that he is an evil spirit and let him alone entirely, they're mighty sure to form a good opinion of his courage; and they know that they can't calculate at all on what's going to happen when they meddle with such a fellow. That just knocks the pluck out of the varmints.

"So, instead of landing and taking to my heels, which looked to be my only chance of saving my scalp, I just paddled right straight on.

"But I didn't impress 'em very much, for I could tell by the way the Indians yelled, that they thought I just didn't know enough to land. I s'pose they thought I was some greenhorn that didn't know anything about fighting Indians, and was scared out of my wits by them."

paddles to my one, and I wondered why they didn't shoot—the two that hadn't fired at first. But it didn't take me long to see what their game was.

"They thought I'd have to land when I came to the rapids, and they were holding their fire to pick me off at short range while I was making a landing.

"That tickled me so that I had to laugh, and I paddled all the faster as I got within hearing of the rapids.

"When I reached the first riffle, the reds weren't more'n twenty rods behind me, paddling and yelling like mad. I never let up till I could feel the swift current pullin' the canoe along. Then I turned round and swung my old hat at 'em, and yelled like a steam engine.

"Well, if you wouldn't 'a' died laughing to see them Sioux about that time. They stopped paddling and stared at me like they'd seen a ghost, as I went shooting into the big rollers. If I'd gone down without saying anything they'd thought it only an accident, but when I laughed and yelled at them it made their hair stand on end!

"They could have popped me over as easy as nothing at the distance, but there wasn't one on them that had sense enough left to think of shooting. I felt kind of ticklish, myself, butt hinks I, 'In a case like this the boldest course is always the safest.' If I can ride her through I'm all right, and if I happen to bust upon a rock 'twon't be no worse'n being hacked to pieces, and scalped.

"I reckon I've steered a canoe through as rough places as any man alive, but I tell you, I never got into such a roaring, whirling, mixed up mess of rocks and water as that was. My canoe jumped and dipped, and was half full of water in no time. But I didn't happen to hit any rock, and soon I was sailing into smooth water.

"Then I ran ashore at a sharp bend, jumped out into the river and threw my steel traps into deep water, beside a big rock, where I c'd find 'em agin. Then I turned the canoe bottom side up, and set it drifting down stream. My furs and blankets I let drift, too—looked jest as if I'd upset, and I knew the whole kit would be picked up by the Indians anyhow.

"I had got out of sight of the reds at a turn before I was half through the rapids, but I knew they'd land above and come down the bank to see what had become of me. So I grabbed my rifle and ran down in the edge of the water till I come to the little creek a few rods below the rapids. I ran up the creek a few rods to where a nose of rock made a turn in it, and there I slipped off my wet moccasins and leggings and wrung them out and carried them, so as I wouldn't leave any tracks of water on the rock when I went ashore. Then I hurried up to the top of the rise of rock and took shelter in some bushes.

"Well, I hadn't more'n got hid before I saw 'em come tearing down, a couple of them on each side of the river. When the two on this side saw my canoe and things floating, they set up a regular war dance. All was so natural that the canoe and paddle should go floating round the big bend if I was upset, that it fooled 'em.

"They might have had a little doubt about it, but when they ran down the river a piece further to look for my dead body—wanted to scalp it, I s'pose—they found my hat and paddle, and that settled it.

"One of them swum out and collected everything of mine; then all four went back up stream to where they'd left their own canoes. Then they carried them over the portage just the same as we did ours just now.

"After loading my things into my canoe again, they paddled all three canoes down to this wood and went into camp on the very spot we're sitting on.

"It was just about dark at that time. As soon as I saw their camp fire blazing up and knew they were busy cooking supper, I fixed my traps out of the water and made a wide circle out on the prairie. I struck the river again just below this point of timber, and laid the traps on a big rock, where I could find them easy.

"You can bet that I meant to get out of them parts as soon as the reds went to sleep, and I didn't calculate to go afoot, neither.

"Maybe them reds didn't have a pow-wow that evening after they'd inspected my kit, and hung my wet furs and blankets up to dry!

"I crept up close enough to see what they were doing. They had one canoe turned up on one side of their fire just like ourn here, and the way they laughed and talked and roasted venison and gorged was a caution. I couldn't make out their gibberish, but I knew well enough that they was bragging about the nice lot of fur they'd captured, and telling how they'd be sure to find my body floating away down-river next day, and get my scalp.

"I thought they'd never quit laughing and eating, but they did finally, and wrapped their blankets round 'em and snuggled up to the canoe with their feet to the fire.

"I waited till I thought they were all asleep, and then crept round to where they'd left the other canoe. Well, I just about busted to keep from laughing when I see how they'd left things! They'd made so sure that I'd gone to the bottom that they'd emptied their furs out of one of them canoes into the other one, and left that and mine right on the bank with all four of their own paddles and mine too.

"They'd turned my canoe bottom side up to dry, and hung my blankets and such of my furs as were wet over a limb for the same purpose.

"I got my canoe into the water without a sound, piled in my things, and then peeped into theirs to see if they had anything worth taking. I didn't much expect they had, but when I came to lift things out, I confound my picture if they didn't have a whole raft of beaver an' otter.

"I thought I had a good lot myself, but they had twice as much. It didn't take me long to get it out of their canoe into mine, I can tell you.

"All's fair in love and war," says I, "and you can consider yourselves lucky to get off so cheap. You see I could have killed every one of the sleeping villains as well as not. It was against my principle to kill an Indian unless it was necessary.

"Besides, if I'd killed them while they were asleep, they'd never have known how bad I had fooled them; and that was tickling me as much as they were tickled at finding all my fur. So I shoved their canoe into the water, and towed it behind mine as I paddled down stream.

"I took every one of their paddles, and kept them, too, many a day.

was mighty swift, and a big I make much difference. I knew I wouldn't open an eye before morning, and with that much start I wasn't afraid of them catching me.

"Fact is, after what happened, I didn't much think they'd care to follow me. And they didn't, neither. Leastwise, I reached the trading post and got the money for the furs without seeing hide nor hair of any more Indians."—Myron B. Gibson in Youths' Companion.

Warned in Time.

It was the policy of the pioneers, says the chronicler of West Virginia history, to cultivate as far as practical the friendship of the numerous tribes of Indians on the west side of the Ohio river. As a natural consequence of hospitalities repeatedly extended to the Mingoes and Wyandottes, a feeling of good-will existed in many instances between these tribes and the whites. In the case of the Zane brothers and the Wyandottes, this friendliness was increased by the adoption of Isaac Zane by the tribe, and his residence among them.

Among the personal friends of Jonathan Zane was a Wyandotte warrior of great size and courage, known as Captain Jack.

One evening about bedtime Mr. Zane and his wife were surprised by an unexpected call from Captain Jack. Mrs. Zane, as was her custom, cooked venison and prepared a supper, but when the Indian was invited to eat, he refused and sat in grim silence.

This unusual behavior foreboded ill, and aroused the most serious fears in the minds of the Zanes. Had they offended the Indian, and had he come at that late hour to do them harm?

Mr. Zane moved near to his rifle, and with a glance of the eye intimated to his wife to have the butcher knife ready to aid in defending themselves.

Meantime, Captain Jack sat gazing into the fire for a full half hour, speechless and motionless. At length he rose from his seat, and fixing his keen eyes upon Mr. Zane, he said:

"Brother, I eat salt in your house many time, and many time you give me blanket to make me warm. Indian don't forget. You my brother. I come to tell you you be killed before morning. Indians come soon. I eat now."

He sat down, ate a few hurried mouthfuls of venison, asked for the pipe, took a few whiffs, and then exclaimed: "Go! Go to fort, quick," and went hurriedly away.

Mr. Zane and his wife seized such things as were within easy grasp, and ran with all speed toward the fort. They were none too soon, for scarcely were they half a mile on their way when, looking back, they saw their cabin in flames. But for Captain Jack's timely warning, they would no doubt have lost their lives.

Barnum's "Brick Man."

As an illustration of one of Barnum's ingenious methods of attracting attention to his museum may be mentioned the incident of the "brick man." One day a man applied for admission to Barnum, who was sitting in the ticket office. To the inquiry as to why he did not go to work, the applicant replied that he would gladly do so at a dollar a day, if he could find employment. Barnum gave him 25 cents to get his breakfast, and told him to return, and he would give him \$1.50 a day and easy work. When the man returned, Barnum gave him five bricks and told him to place one in front of the museum, another on the corner of Vermont street, a third at the corner of Fulton, on the St. Paul side, and the fourth on the east corner of Fulton. Returning then to the museum, he was to take up the first brick and replace it with the fifth, and then continue his rounds, putting down one brick and taking up the other each time. He was enjoined to answer no questions, and to seem not to hear, and that at the end of each three-quarters of an hour he was to pass into the museum, look around at the curiosities for fifteen minutes, and then resume his rounds with the bricks. Barnum says that the man played his part to perfection, and his eccentric conduct caused a great crowd to gather about the museum. Many of these, of course, went into the museum to seek some explanation as to the purpose of the "brick man." This was kept up for several days, until the police requested his withdrawal, because such crowds lingered about the museum that traffic was interrupted.

An Old Fable.

There lived at one time a man, who, being in want, and having long waited for fortune, concluded that he could go in search of her. So he took what little money he had saved, shut up his house and set out upon his travels in search of fortune. He journeyed on for many days, and made diligent inquiry of those he met as to where fortune might be found. Some said she was in one place, and some were quite sure she was in another place. All were certain she did not dwell with them, and many said that perhaps she might be found a little further on. Several even said that she had been with them but lately, and had just gone away to another place. After traveling many leagues and spending all his money, he sadly returned to his own home, and there found fortune seated on his doorstep, as if waiting his return. As he drew near she rose quickly and said: "I have been waiting here for some time, in the hope that you would let me in your house. I have waited so long now that I must go away to find others more ready to welcome me." With these words she wrapped her mantle about her and went away; and the man never saw her again. Young man, perhaps you can make an application of this legend, which conveys to you a lesson of practical wisdom. Roll up your sleeves and go to work where you are and whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your might. Fortune is within grasp of honest toil.

Death of a Little Child.

Rosser Carlton Jackson, the infant son of Mr. L. E. Jackson, died at the residence of his father, No. 261 Magnolia street, yesterday morning. The funeral was from the residence at 2 o'clock this noon, and the interment will be at the cemetery.

POINTS OF A GOOD CANINE.

HOW A BOY CAN CHOOSE AND WHAT HE SHOULD PAY FOR A GOOD DOG.

If you are choosing a dog for a friend and companion be sure to get one of a good breed. For \$5 or \$10 you can pick up a very decent puppy with a pedigree, but never buy your dog of a street peddler, for you will certainly be cheated, so try and make a bargain for your dog with some one you can trust. Consider beforehand what you want in your dog and whether he will be happy with you. The boy who lives in a flat has no right to confine a dog in so small a space, while the boy who lives in a city house that has a small yard behind, where his dog can get exercise and open air, had best have a fox terrier, who is a good ratter. An Irish terrier also is a nice dog for a city house.

For the country you cannot go very far wrong in choosing any one of the dogs mentioned below. Pointers and setters are specially adapted for hunting, but they also make the best kind of pets and all around dogs.

A healthy puppy should have a cold nose, a nice, clean, smooth skin, slightly greasy and a little loose. His eyes must be bright and clear, his gums and tongue a fresh coral pink and he should seem active and playful. Find out what sort of disposition his mother and father have for a small

of bone and feather; smooth, satin coat, jet black; feet round and cat-like; ears covered with long, silky hair, small and narrow when set onto the head, large and lobed at the end; long head, dark eyes, broad chest—that is a black spaniel. The water spaniel's ears should measure about two inches from point to point, face perfectly smooth; curly top-knot on top of



English Setters and Pointers.

head, body covered with close curls, small feet, tail straight, smooth, tapering; dark liver color, no white. He can be taught to do almost anything.

The Motherless Kittens.

Mr. C. H. Webb, in Lippincott's Magazine for August, tells a funny little story about a wee girl and three helpless kittens that were found at her front door. Mr. Bergh (or Bug, as the child called him) was a kind gentleman who was president of a society to prevent cruelty to animals. Mr. Webb says:

"Our Dotty, who constituted herself the foster-mother of the broken-winged sparrows and all other creatures that came to grief in the neighborhood, descended on them like a brooding, sheltering dove, and bore them lovingly into the house. Milk was warmed, and this, with the freedom of the kitchen, given them in a white china saucer, having a blue edge. The cook gave the milk ungrudgingly, but as for the freedom of the kitchen, this she soon revoked, and pronounced a sentence of banishment instead.

"What to do Dot didn't know. I suggested that she write to Mr. Bergh. A day or two of deliberation and sharpening of lead pencils, and then this carefully printed letter went to that gentleman's address: "Dear Mr. Bug—You don't know me, but my papa says he knows you. There were three blin citizens borne on ower dorstep without ana mama, and I can't be there. Mama and the cuk says she can't, and pap says he hassent got time. Won't you pleas com withe a bascit and tak them awa and tak gud car of tham.

"DOTTY DIMPLE.

"No. 560 Est 533 street. "With every ring of the bell that day Dotty ran to see if it were not 'Mr. Bug.' Hardly had the letter been five minutes posted before she looked for an answer.

"And one came sooner than I expected. Next morning, while we were still at breakfast in the basement, a tap came at the window. The maid who answered it said that the colored man bearing a basket on his arm wanted to know if 'Dotty Dimple' lived there.

"Oh, it's Mr. Bug! Mr. Bug!" shouted Dot, and was at the window in a jiffy, leaving a hot ruffin untouched on her plate.

"The colored man explained that he was not Mr. Bergh—that is, not exactly. But he had been sent by that gentleman to take care of three motherless kittens which, according to a letter received by Mr. Bergh, were at this house.

Four-Footed Soldiers.

If domestic animals were as long-lived as men, and were eligible to the Grand Army of the Republic and the confederate veterans' associations, those honorable organizations would have many four-legged members, not to speak of two-legged members who were not men, but birds. Hundreds of regiments or companies had with them in the civil war a dog, cat, or other animal, which followed them wherever they went, and not infrequently went into action with them.

The most famous of the non-human combatants was undoubtedly Old Abe, the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment, whose history has often been told, and whose loud screams were heard in many battles, as he circled about over the smoke of the guns. But there were other animal combatants who were as warlike as he, though they failed to win fame.

The story of such an antagonist has lately been related in The St. Louis Globe-Democrat by Captain Fred Smith, who was a soldier in an Illinois battery of light artillery in the civil war. When he enlisted at Mattoon his dog, Zip, followed him. Zip was a common and unprepossessing "yaller" dog. Smith sent him home, but he refused to stay. The captain took a liking to the dog and allowed him to remain in camp, and when the battery was ordered south, Zip went too.

Some very active service followed, in all of which the dog took a prominent part. He would take up a position near the field pieces and bark defiance at the enemy.

At Shiloh a shell exploded within ten feet of Zip, cutting off three inches of his bushy tail. So far from being disabled by this wound, he was greatly stimulated by it, and advanced on the enemy, barking furiously. The lines were about 500 yards apart, and shot and shell were flying thick and fast.

Zip had gone about 300 yards toward the confederate battery, when a knight of his own kind rushed out to meet him. It happened that the confederate battery had a dog, too, a black one, much bigger than Zip.

There was no skirmishing between the dogs before the battle opened. They were

instantly engaged all along the line, horse, foot and dragoons, so to speak. The confederates ceased their firing and began to cheer on their dog. The union artillerymen did the same.

For fully ten minutes the batteries stood still while the gunners watched the contest between their representatives, who were like two chosen knights of old. "Sic him, Tiger!" the confederates shouted, and "Go it, Zip! Tear him up, Zip!" the union soldiers screamed, while the dogs sought to fight out in their own persons the cause of the north and the south. Presently a confederate sergeant threw a stone at Zip.

"Keep your hands off that dog!" yelled the captain of the Illinois battery, and he trained a gun on the confederate group. That set both batteries to going again; and still, beneath the rain of iron, the two dogs fought on.

Smith owns, sorrowfully, that Zip got the worst of it. He was too small for his antagonist; but when he at last crawled out of the fight, the union battery threw a six-pound shell into the confederate dog and blew him to pieces. Zip recovered and followed his master all through the war.

A Dealer in Lions.

A French paper publishes an interesting account of Karl Hagenbeck, the famous German "lion merchant," and of his business. His father was a dealer in fish, but at an early age Karl took to the sea, made long voyages, lost fortunes as rapidly as he made them, then became a lion-tamer and showman, ultimately establishing the celebrated Tierpark at Hamburg, which supplies animals more or less wild, to nearly all the zoological gardens and menageries in Europe.

Hagenbeck sells every year seven or eight hundred lions, nearly as many tigers, three or four hundred elephants, several hundred panthers, crocodiles and serpents. He himself trains the wild beasts sent out for show, and is the first to take them in hand when they reach Europe.

The most expensive animals are the elephants, especially when very large, a fine specimen like the late lamented Jumbo fetching \$15,000 or \$20,000. A female hippopotamus six years of age is worth about \$4,500, a rhinoceros \$3,000, an Indian tapir \$1,000; lions, according to their age and beauty, fetch from \$200 to \$2,000, home-bred lions being of comparatively little value. A fine tiger is not worth more than \$1,000, a black panther \$500, a leopard \$150, a white bear \$300 and a black bear \$150. Among horned animals giraffes and bisons fetch the best prices. Snakes are comparatively cheap. Hagenbeck employs a staff of men to scour the world for animals, many of whom are absent for years.

An Impatient Panther.

Hunters who go forth to shoot panthers have generally a story of triumph, or at least of a worthy and thrilling escape to relate. But the author of "Thirty Years of Shikar" describes the only chance he ever had of making an appearance as resulting in a crushing failure. He gives the story as follows:

"A panther was marked down for me in a small thicket and I went forth to do for it. When I reached the ground the panther was still there, and a keen-eyed native pointed it out to me.

"Hitherward was its head," said this man, "thitherward its tail. Doesn't the sahib see it. There! there!" and he pointed to a spot about three yards off.

"But I did not see that panther—either its head or its tail, or anything that was its; I saw only a mass of light and shade under a dense overgrowth of greenery, dead leaves and grass that were yellowish where the pencils of light broke in upon the gloom, and otherwise mysterious shadow that told nothing to my unaccustomed eye.

"All that I looked upon in that greenwood tangle was equally panther. I could pick out no particular patch as being any more pantherish than the rest. Of head or tail I made out nothing where all was equally one or the other, and still that native of keenest vision besought me to see that panther's head and tail, and right forefoot and many other details of its anatomy.

"Then there came a roar out of the thicket and a rush which was like the volcanic upheaval of the ground at my feet, and, as it seemed, several tons of that upheaved matter hit me in the chest and other parts and I was catapulted onto the broad of my back a yard or two from where I had stood.

"That upheaval was the panther. The brute hadn't had the patience to wait until I saw him or the modesty to take himself off peaceably in some other direction; he had resented my staring his way, even though I saw him not, and so had emerged out of his lair like an animal rocket and knocked me down in his flight.

"As he failed to claw me, I came off scatheless, but not so my attendant, who foolishly embraced that panther in view to arresting his flight. He got himself badly mauled and did not come a whole man out of his hospital for some weeks. That was my disastrous commencement with panthers."

A Soft Answer.

Who has not heard and envied the quick wit of the Irish? It seems to be a national endowment, old and young, cultivated and ignorant, alike possessing it. Indeed, the witty answer seems to be on the tip of the Irish tongue, ready and waiting for the questioner.

A little five-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischief. He was about to deny his fault, when she said, "I saw you, Jerry."

"Yes," he replied, as quick as a flash; "I tells thim there ain't much yous don't see wid thim purty black eyes of yours."

That was the soft answer that turned away wrath; for what lady could resist so graceful a compliment?

A Brother Professional.

A gentleman went the other night with a friend to the theater, and arrived before the doors were open.

While waiting for the crowd, and standing behind his friend, just for a lark, he amused himself by picking the pocket of his friend, abstracting therefrom a handkerchief.

Hardly had he done so when he was tapped on the shoulder by a gentlemanly individual who handed him his own watch and chain, remarking: "Honesty among thieves," observing that he never, knowingly, operated on a brother professional.

GAMES FOR PARTIES.

Those who have taxed their wits to find amusement for little folks at parties may gain some suggestions from the following from an exchange:

Cobweb Party.—This makes a capital introduction to an evening's fun. Take threads of various colors and wind them intricately all around the parlor, over pictures, about chair legs, intertwining in all directions. Be sure to hide carefully both ends of each thread. Prepare a badge of the color of each thread, and as your guests arrive bid them each take one. You may have duplicate badges for boys and girls, those who chance to select the same color becoming partners in the game.

On a given signal each is to hunt out the thread of the same color as the badge he wears, find its end and wind it up again on a spool. The one or the couple first accomplishing the task is proclaimed victor.

Dumb Band.—This game is excellent for young folks who know a little music. Let the leader assign to each one of the company a musical instrument which may be acted out easily in pantomime, such as the slide trombone, jew's-harp, piano, drum, flute, violin, bagpipe. Let him be careful not to use two instruments which require about the same position, such as the organ and piano, flute and fife.

Some one plays a lively tune on the piano, and every one sets to work playing in pantomime on his instrument in time with the piano. In starting, the leader has the motion of a violin player, but after half a minute he changes suddenly to another instrument, say a drum. Hereupon the drummer must cease his imaginary drumming and become a fiddler.

In an instant he changes again, to the bagpipe, say. Whereupon the bagpipe man must take up the fiddle, only quickly to change it for another instrument. Failure to respond to any cue is punished with a forfeit.

Who Knows That Nose?—The party divides into halves, which occupy adjoining rooms. The doorway between is hung with a sheet, which has a hole in the middle large enough for the protrusion of a nose. The light is lowered on one side, and some one on that side sticks his nose through, and the leader cries, "Who knows that nose?" If the other side guesses correctly they win the man, who changes sides. Then lights are lowered in the second room, and the process continued until one room is entirely vacant.

The pun is destroyed, but it makes a pretty variety to play it. "Who knows that eye?" It is astonishing how unrecognizable is a single feature of a person apart from the rest of him.

Conundrum Leaves.—This is a little diversion for after supper. A mysterious bowl is on the table, filled with pretty tissue paper leaves. This bowl is passed around after the meal, and each is asked to "take one." The stems prove to be slips of paper with a conundrum neatly inscribed on each. Every one in turn reads his aloud, answers if he can, or throws the question open to the company. It is well to have a few conundrums which contain good-humored jokes on some of the party.

Napoleon's "Hog Latin."

A detachment from one of the French armies under Napoleon was once passing through a small town in a Roman Catholic part of Germany, when the troops being in want of provisions, the general sent to require a certain amount to be furnished by the town. The principal inhabitants came to him, assuring him that the whole town could not furnish what he required.

"And what must be done, then?" asked the general. "My army is in great want of provisions." The deputies replied that the only place in the vicinity which could supply any quantity of provisions was a convent at a very short distance from the town.

The general thereupon wrote a very polite letter to the superior, stating his wants and praying for a supply from the stores of the convent.

The superior consulted with the monks, and all agreed in not complying with the general's request, but, as he seemed disposed to be civil, they thought that a refusal couched in polite terms might be ventured upon. But how should the answer be sent? A verbal reply to a written request would not appear respectful; their French would probably be so bad that they would be exposed to the ridicule of the general and his officers, and German these Frenchmen probably would not understand.

So at last it was resolved that the letter should be written in Latin. It was an elaborate apology, couched in very polite terms, for not complying with the request and was consigned to the messenger, who immediately delivered it into the hands of the general.

Napoleon opened it, but, unluckily, not having had a classical education, did not understand a word of it and gave it to his secretary to read.

The secretary remembered just enough of his Latin to gather that it was a refusal of the supplies.

"How!" cried the general. "Do the rascals dare not only to refuse my demands, but also to write me in Latin?" He then directed his secretary to write them as follows:

"Fripontibus de molibus si vous ne m'en envoyibus instantibus, je mettrai le feu a votre conventibus, et je vous feral pendibus, toutibus."

This is pretty good French "Hog Latin," and may be literally translated thus: "You rascally monks, if you do not send it to me instantly, I will burn down your convent and hang you all."

The monks understood the general's Latin extremely well, though he had not perfectly comprehended theirs, and, seized with a mortal panic, the supplies required were immediately sent.

A Cruel Criticism.

A Bradford man started in the Hvery stable business last week, and the first thing he did was to have a sign painted representing himself as holding a mule by the bridle. "Is that a good likeness of me?" he asked of an admiring friend. "Yes, it is a perfect picture of you; but who is that fellow holding you by the bridle?"



The Bull and Fox Terrier.

puppy's temper does not develop early. It would be just as well for the boy on the lookout for a good dog to cut out this list of the important points and keep it at hand to refer to should a dog be offered him for sale.

The Irish setter should be a deep blood red, little or no white about him, nose deep tan, eyes large and expressive, coat free from curls, tail held straight out and a little lower than the back. The English setter in the cut holds his tail just right. His face long and his legs long. He needs lots of water, but can stand a great deal of hard work.

The Gordon, black and tan, is a beautiful dog for a pet. He is not so fast as the Irishman, and has a large coarser head. His coat should be a rich glossy black with warm tan markings.

In selecting a setter be careful to avoid pig eyes, curly hair and a badly held tail. See that a bull terrier's head is flat and wedge shaped, as the picture shows, the teeth powerful, nose black, eyes small, black and oblong, upright ears, body deep, hind legs long, feet long. A bulldog whose tail is thin, fine set, low and carried straight is a good fighter, and this is a dog who can learn all sorts of tricks.

Examine a fox terrier's coat first. It should be smooth and hard in texture, with white predominating; tail rather high, held at right angle to back, head flat, powerful, clean cut jaw. A fox terrier's ears must be V-shape and carried as shown in the cut. Remember, this is his most important point. He is death on cats, as is the bull terrier also.

The bulldog ought to be white, brindle, tawny or pied; fine coat, chest wide, back short, short, wrinkled face, turn up muzzle; eyes black and round, jaws broad, lower



Bull Dog.

one projecting; thick heels, short, rather low tail. He is very gentle and extremely fond of children, if he is a good one. A bad bulldog is a beast no one should own.

The Irish terrier is not pretty, but he is very good, and he has beautiful eyes; his nose is black, his color red, tan or gray; strong, small feet, with black nails, long body and straight legs.

St. Bernards are of two sorts—smooth and rough-coated. Either kind should have large heads, square and massive; ears medium carried close to cheek; eyes dark, intelligent, generally showing the jaw, legs straight, large feet, double, or at least single claws; color, orange, tawny or red; white collar, chest and tip of tail; white muzzle and white line from neck to chest; long body and short legs, with

and a big load. I knew the man before morning, and I wasn't afraid of what happened. I didn't care to follow me. And leastwise, I reached the money for the hide nor hair of any on B. Gibson in Youths'

in Time.

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rior foreboded ill, and serious fears in the Had they offended he come at that late m?

near to his rifle, and eye intimated to his tcher knife ready to selves.

Jack sat gazing into half hour, speechless length he rose from is keen eyes upon Mr.

in your house many you give me blanket Indian don't forget. come to tell you you rning. Indians come

a few hurried mouth- for the pipe, took a exclaimed: "Go! Go went hurriedly away. life seized such things grasp, and ran with fort. They were none y were they half a when, looking back, in flames. But for warning, they would air lives.

Brick Man."

one of Barnum's in- attracting attention to mentioned the incident One day a man applied who was sitting in the inquiry as to why he the medicant replied do so at a dollar a employment. Barnum ret he breakfast, and d he would give him work. When the man him five bricks and in front of the ma e corner of Ver corner of Fulton, on the fourth on the east turning then to the ke up the first brick fifth, and then con- g down one brick e each time. He was o questions, and to that at the end of an hour he was to look around at the minutes, and then re- the bricks. Barnum d his part to perfec- conduct caused a about the museum. e, went into the mu- pianation as to the an." This was kept until the police re- al, because such the museum that

Fable,

time a man, who, ing long waited for he could go in k what little money his house and set search of fortune, many days, and f those he met as be found. Some ce, and some were another place. All t dwell with them, perhaps she might on. Several even n with them but e away to another many leagues and he sadly returned here found fortune as if waiting his r she rose quickly er waiting here pe that you would I have waited so go away to find cloome me." With her mantle about d the man never man, perhaps you n of this legend, lesson of practical leaves and go to d whatever your th all your might. of honest toil.

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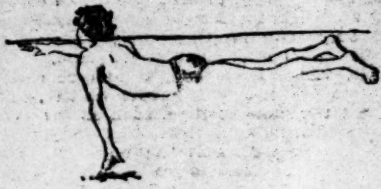
FOR BOYS WHO WISH TO SWIM.

How to Teach One's Self How to Swim.

Some Famous Swimming Records.

Can you swim? "No?" Then lose no time in learning how. Every boy should consider it his bounden duty to become proficient in this most useful of all outdoor sports. Though you may never be driven to such straits as Leander was, nevertheless, if you pass your boyhood days without learning to swim, you will always regret it, and may some day rue your negligence. Not only of great practical value, swimming is the most beautiful and exhilarating of all recreations. Every one can learn to swim, even cripples and deformed persons. The boy who has the privilege of a metatormium together with an instructor, possesses some advantages over the country boy; but the lad who teaches himself will become just as proficient.

The method taught by Professor Sundstrom, instructor of swimming in the N. Y. A. C. and champion long distance swimmer of America, is as follows: A boy descends on the ladder leading from the floor



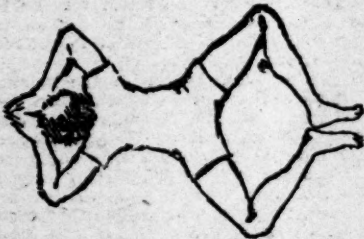
First Position.

to the tank, wetting himself gradually in water about five feet deep; he then takes a deep plunge. The great object, at first, is to gain confidence. If a boy is afraid to duck his head under water without holding his nose, or to venture in water above his waist, he will never learn to swim. Now by holding on to the stairs with his hands, the pupil is free to work his legs, and thus first, tests the buoyancy of the water and has made a long step towards gaining confidence. The instructor takes hold of his feet and shows him the correct movement for the breast stroke, which is the first taught and really the fundamental stroke in swimming. After this the boy is suspended from a pole, with a belt around his waist and shown the arm movement, and later on the combination of arm and leg.

The next step is to enter deep water with a life buoy, which consists of a cork or rubber rod about three feet long. It is placed under the armpits and across the chest. Any one can make a life buoy, for a fairly broad board or round piece of wood will answer the same purpose as cork. This is a most valuable hint to beginners, for the average boy can by this means learn to swim after a very few attempts.

Now for the boy who is determined to swim, but has no one to teach him how. Let him hunt a shelving, gravelly shore, where the depth increases gradually. It is immaterial whether the water is fresh or salt, but it should be smooth. He should wade out to the depth of four feet and duck completely under water. Then wade in towards shore until the bottom can be reached with the tips of the fingers; let the body assume a horizontal position, at the same time sinking entirely below the surface. With one arm supporting him he can strike out boldly with the legs and other arm. In a short time he will be able to strike out with both arms, making a great splash, no doubt, and securing a large mouthful of water, possibly, but he will soon be able to take three or four strokes without going under, and after that a dozen, when his further progress depends only on the amount of practice he gets.

In the breast stroke the arms are stretched out in front, the palms downward, the thumbs touching. After inflating the chest the swimmer launches forward, striking out with his arms, which describe arcs of a circle. Both pairs of limbs are used simultaneously; that is, as the arms strike out the legs are drawn together, so that the



Starting Position for the Breast Stroke.

knees are spread wide apart, somewhat after the fashion of a frog's. When the arms are brought back into place under the chest, the legs are drawn up and the feet brought together. As the arms are extended the feet are pushed out with a quick jerk, giving a strong impetus to the body. The breaststroke is all that is necessary for a novice to know. After he has acquired this, swimming on the side and on the back, floating, leading water and diving will come in due time. It may be interesting to know what stroke is used by the fast swimmers, who glide through the water with such astonishing speed. Probably the fastest stroke is the one Professor Sundstrom acquired from the Indians on the Columbia river in Oregon, and which he immediately introduced as a distinctly American method. With this stroke a man usually turns on his right side, sends forward his right arm, then his legs, and at the same time his left arm, with hand flat against the water. When he prepares to draw in his legs and his right arm, he takes his left arm, which he has carried back as far as possible, out of the water and brings it in front of his head.

Remember in swimming to breathe through your nose, and from your chest. It is not policy to swim within two hours of mealtime, nor to stay in the water more than twenty minutes. A swimmer who has been in the water for several hours feels greatly enervated, his lips become blue, his eyes bloodshot and his flesh puckers in a remarkable manner. Among wonderful feats which have been performed in the water was that of Captain Webb, who swam across the English channel from Dover to Calais, a distance of thirty-five miles, in twenty-one hours and forty-five minutes.

taking his nourishment while treading water. J. Finney swam 113 yards and one foot under water in full costume, and later on remained under water in a tank, at the Canterbury music hall, four minutes, twenty-nine and a half seconds. Under this category comes, also, Gus Sundstrom's remarkable swim, from the Battery, New



The Indian Stroke.

York, High Bridge, Harlem, a distance of seventeen miles, when he breastst the rushing current of Hell's Gate and made the entire distance in less than three and a half hours. If you have any opportunities for learning to swim, make use of them, for who knows how soon this knowledge may be of the utmost value to you. Remember that swimming, once learned, is never forgotten. As a parting injunction, do not imagine that the proper way of learning to swim is by being suddenly tossed into deep water. All swimmers acknowledge that one boy may profit by that, but ninety-nine will be so completely shocked that they may never venture in the water again, and other effects even more serious are likely to follow.

A Trifling Mistake.

A gentleman passing along a street one day came across a man supposed to be blind, but the gentleman thought he could see.

Going up to the man, he put 10 cents down in front of him and said:

"Pick that up."

The man stooped down and picked it up.

"My man, you can see."

"I know that," said the man.

"Then why have you that card on to say you are blind?"

The man looked at him and said:

"Me, sir?"

"Yes, you," cried the gentleman. Look and see for yourself."

The man looked at the card and then at the gentleman, and said:

"Blowed if there isn't some mistake. I'm deaf and dumb."

A Story of Rudyard Kipling.

This capital story some one tells of Rudyard Kipling as illustrating very clearly the characteristics of the vigorous English boy who was afterward to achieve such widespread fame by his pen. When a boy of twelve he went on a voyage with his father, who, becoming desperately seasick, retired to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his own devices. Presently the poor father heard a tremendous commotion over his head and, down the companion-way dashed the boatswain, three steps at a time and shouting excitedly: "Mr. Kipling! your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm and if he ever lets go, he'll drown sure." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, falling back on his pillow with a sigh of relief, "but he won't let go."

Good Advice from a Bright Young Man.

To The Constitution, Jr.: When a young man, who has never been denied anything by his parents who were able to gratify every wish of their boy, takes a bird's eye view of this world at the beginning of his career, he is like a boy in love. He imagines he is away up in the skies between two butter cakes and the angels are pouring honey on him. He then starts out to make resolutions, and says he will begin tomorrow to adopt them, but tomorrow never comes with that young man. In course of years he finds himself without those parents who would gratify his wishes, and encourage him in his resolutions to make a noble man of himself, and boys, when for the first time this condition comes home to you, where are you. You are as helpless as a man at sea who has a broom straw for a life preserver.

After you get out into the world to do your own scratching, you find out that no one cares whether your wishes are gratified or not. From my personal experience you can hardly rely on friends who, you think, would help you most, for they are, with few exceptions, the ones who will turn their backs on you, and then you stare the cold, cold world in the face.

Some boys at about my age often go wrong, and think they need some one to tell them right from wrong. That is a mistaken idea. Any fair-minded boy knows right from wrong, and if he does not believe he knows, he will find out that his conscience will soon draw it out so he can see his mistakes, and then the question is whether he will heed or not.

A boy placed in my position, and one who is on neither side, and is about middling, has a good chance to see poverty and riches mixed. I am trying to decide whether I would rather be rich, poor or middling. I look at it in this way. When a man is very wealthy it is such a burden to take care of his money, and it is so seldom that we find riches and selfishness apart. I think if I can be in position to lend a helping hand to those who have made resolutions and are trying to carry them out, and let me be about middling, I would rather take that position and view of life than to have the estate of the Astors.

I think the best way for young men to do it this. Raise your sights high and aim right at the white house, and some of you may one of these days find yourself safely located in one of these positions; you may be governor of your state, mayor of your city, a gentleman of good standing in your community, the sheriff of your county, or the changing boss of your country's convicts, but woe unto the young man who makes resolutions, and never adopts them, he may be in the safe keeping of his county jail, or cursing his existence.

My father used to tell me: "Now is the accepted time; never put off a thing you can do today until tomorrow, for tomorrow never comes."

The world owes you what you honestly earn. The thing to do is to build your foundation on a solid basis, face the world with pluck and grit, do all things that are acceptable in the sight of God and your fellow men, and when the end of your career has closed its doors against this cold world, you will hear a voice say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

William Schley Howard.
Washington, D. C., July 2, 1904.

AMBITIOUS GIRLS.

Some Great Women Who Were Precocious Children.

"I wonder if most famous women were as ambitious and gave signs of future greatness in their early youth as famous men?" asked a thoughtful looking girl, dropping her book. "The Lives of the Great Musicians," in which with delight she had been reading of the boy Mozart.

"Most great women have been precocious," answered her aunt, whose busy brain possessed a charming faculty of storing up all manner of interesting information against a rain of questions from her clever niece. "Let us go back to that sweet character in English history, Lady Jane Grey, and we will find she was only thirteen years old when that learned scholar and fine gentleman, Roger Ascham, found her reading Plato's Phaedon in the original Greek, while the rest of the family were off on a hunting party. But it was not with a knowledge of Greek little Lady Jane was satisfied. She spoke French, Latin and Italian fluently, writing them also, and translated easily from Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic. When her father took her to court, they found with astonishment that this demure, country-bred girl was a far finer scholar than young Edward VI, then a clever boy under the first tutors in England. Yet, with all her knowledge of literature and languages, Lady Jane embroidered charmingly, sang to several instruments that she played very well, danced and wrote easily and gracefully."

"Letitia Hemans published her first collection of poems when she was only fourteen."

"Angelica Kaufman, the beautiful woman and gifted artist, who painted the portraits of royalties, when only eleven used her brush far better than her father, who was an artist by profession."

"Madame Roland never remembered when she learned to read, for at four years of age she was greedily pursuing any books that came to her hand; dancing and music she readily acquired but geography and Latin were her favorite studies. As a girl of seven she would eagerly rise at 5 o'clock in the morning to get to her books, and so dearly did she love reading she carried her volume of Plutarch's Lives to church when she was eleven years old and secretly read it during the long prayer."

"There is not a more touching story of a child's quick mind starved of its proper food than Caroline Herschel. Her mother was a stupid woman who kept her daughter purposely so busy about household work she could neither study nor practice on her violin she dearly loved and in which her father wished to instruct her. It was with an aching heart and tearful eyes Caroline plied her needle while her father and his sons held their family concerts in which the girl longed to join. She begged to be allowed to study French with her brother, and dancing also, but this her mother forbade, though her gentle, clever father was anxious his Caroline should have a good education. It was not until late in life when her beloved brother, William, the great astronomer, sent for her to join him in England, that she had any opportunity to exercise her fine mind."

"Mary Somerville says that as a little girl she had a very bad memory, and at ten years of age, was sent to a boarding school where the chief lesson for each day was a page of Johnson's dictionary committed to memory. She never excelled at school and yet at home no one sympathized a little later with her desire to study Latin, except an uncle who gave her some valuable instruction. She was very much interested in two celestial globes the village schoolmaster taught her to use and yet on the whole she was rather in awe of the big constellations whose brightness reminded her of lightning, of which she was desperately afraid. At length she persuaded her brother's tutor to buy her an algebra and euclid, which she studied at night until her mother, in horror at the idea of a girl wasting time on studies meant for boys, deprived her of a candle to read by, and her father feared she might go crazy. It was long after that she really found the courage and sympathy to take up her great studies in earnest."

"It was as a pianist George Eliot was noted at her school, and with the most amazing ease she acquired languages, yet as a very little girl she showed no great promise, much preferring a romp with her brother to her books."

"Fanny Burney, who is also known as Mme. D'Arblay, published her first and clearest novel when she was only fifteen, and yet she was eight years old before learning her alphabet, and scarcely received any regular education at all."

"Rachel, you must remember, was a girl just turned into her teens when she borrowed a volume of Racine from a Jewish peddler in old clothes. On reading the great French tragedies she decided to become an actress, and this poor, pretty, little Jewess, the youngest of seven children, who had begun life as a street singer, on her second appearance on the French stage was greeted as a great genius. So you see, my dear, ability is apt to reveal itself as early with girls as boys, and these are a very few of the world's great women who loved books in the nursery and gave the most glorious promise while still in short frocks."

Blind Boys at Football.

Football playing by the blind sounds like a novelty, but a writer who visited the Royal Victoria Blind asylum at Newcastle, England, a few weeks ago, had the pleasure of watching two teams of blind boys engaged in a hot game. The ball with which the boys played is made of wire, and the inside is fitted with bells, so that wherever the oval goes it can be followed by the sound. The goal posts are flags, upon which are also a number of bells, and it was very rare for the boys either to lose the ball or to follow it in the wrong direction. They seemed to enjoy the fun immensely, and when a goal was scored they cheered loudly.

Perhaps one of the most amusing parts of the scene was the way in which the little blind girls stood around the football grounds and interested themselves in the progress of the game, laughing when the players laughed, and cheering when they thought the occasion demanded it. The inmates of the asylum also play chess and checkers very well.

YOUNG FOLKS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Junior—I am a little boy, fourteen years old, and live on my father's ranch, which is about twenty miles from Omaha, Neb. I saw several letters in The Junior from boys of my age and I decided to write to you.

The overseer of the ranch, Mr. Boyden, is a great friend of mine, and every evening I assist him and several cowboys to bring in the stock.

The corral is about fifty yards from the house in which we live. Sometimes the cattle stray as far as five miles from the corral.

Last week Mr. Boyden counted the young ponies, and there were forty-two, from the age of four months to a year and a half. He told me I could have the pick of twelve that were about a year old. I took one that had a white tail and white hips; I think he is going to make a beautiful horse. I am going to train him so that I can take him back to the city with me.

I hope The Junior will continue to print the stories that are written by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, as I enjoy them very much. JAMES M. BRAGLER.

Bragler's Ranch, near Omaha.

Dear Junior—I am staying with my cousin at Fort Cadet, Fla. There is a naphtha launch that belongs to the fort and my uncle takes us down to the mouth of the river when he goes.

I spend most of my time in fishing and bathing. The cranes are very tame here and I killed one the other day with stones. I have pressed its wings and I am going to take them home with me.

I will return home about the 25th of this month, to get ready for school. HENRY RICHARDS.

Editor Junior—After a hard day's tramp up the mountain, being too tired to sleep, with your kind permission I will write you a few lines, which I hope will be fortunate enough to gain admission to your columns.

Arising early this morning, accompanied by two of my friends, we proceeded up the mountain for about two miles and untangling our lines we went down the stream, dropping our lines in every few minutes. But in all the two miles we did not catch but two fish, and I happened to be one of the lucky ones. Both the fish together did not weigh two pounds and as we had seen a single fish weigh as much as five pounds we were not much overjoyed at our success. But we are going to go fishing with an old mountaineer tomorrow, and we hope to catch a good string.

With kindest regards to The Junior, I remain one of its admirers.

HARRY WYNNE.
Tar Mountain Inn, Tar Mountain, N. C.

Dear Junior—I am a small boy, just ten years old, and I am visiting my aunt, near Shelby, Ga. She has a large farm and there is a creek about a half a mile from the house. My aunt will not let me go to it by myself, but my uncle took me fishing the other day, and I enjoyed it very much. They have a beautiful little calf and he is very tame, for when I call him he will come and eat out of my hand.

I am going to return to my home, in Macon, Ga., in about two weeks. SAMUEL HASTINGS.

Shelby, Ga.

French Peasants.

M. Betham Edwards, in her "France of Today," speaks again and again of the benefits accruing from the ownership of land by the peasantry. As a native of England, she seems to have been peculiarly impressed by this feature of life across the channel. She writes with special enthusiasm of Oase, "a remote Pyrenean village admirably adapted for the study of rural life." "A beautiful spirit of humanity," she declares, "a delicacy, rare among the most polished societies, characterize these frugal sons and daughters of the soil."

As sordidness carried to the pitch of brutality is often imputed to the French peasant, let me relate an incident that occurred hereabouts not long before my visit.

The land is minutely divided, many possessing a cottage and field only. One of these small owners was suddenly ruined by the falling of a rock; his cottage, cow and pig were destroyed. Without saying a word, his neighbors, like himself in very humble circumstances, made up a purse of 500 francs, a large sum with such donors, and, too delicate-minded to offer the gift themselves, deputed an outsider to do it anonymously.

Another instance in point came to my knowledge. This was of a young woman servant, who, during the illness of her employers, refused to accept wages.

"You will pay me some other time," said the girl to her mistress. "I am sure you can ill afford to give me the money now."

Peasant property, and rural life generally, here presented to me some wholly new features. One of these is the almost entire self-sufficiency of very small holdings, their owners neither buying nor selling, making their little crops and stock almost completely supply their needs.

On a field or two enough flax is grown with which to spin linen for home use, enough wheat and Indian corn for the year's bread-making, maize being mixed with wheat flour. Again, pigs and poultry are reared for daily consumption.

Expenditure is reduced to the minimum. A Coffee is a luxury seldom indulged in. A few drink home-grown wine, but all are large milk-drinkers. The poorest is a good customer of the dairy farmer.

Iceland Misnamed.

If the name of this island means land of ice, as no doubt is the case, then the name is misleading; for, excepting the great ice streams in the interior of the island, called glaciers, there is otherwise very little ice in it.

The harbors are open nearly the whole year, and the climate is milder than that of Norway.

Sometimes the northern and eastern coasts are blocked up with ice which has drifted before the wind from Greenland; but this happens only about once every ten years.

Then, perhaps, the island is an ice land, but in any other sense the title is an unfortunate misnomer.